

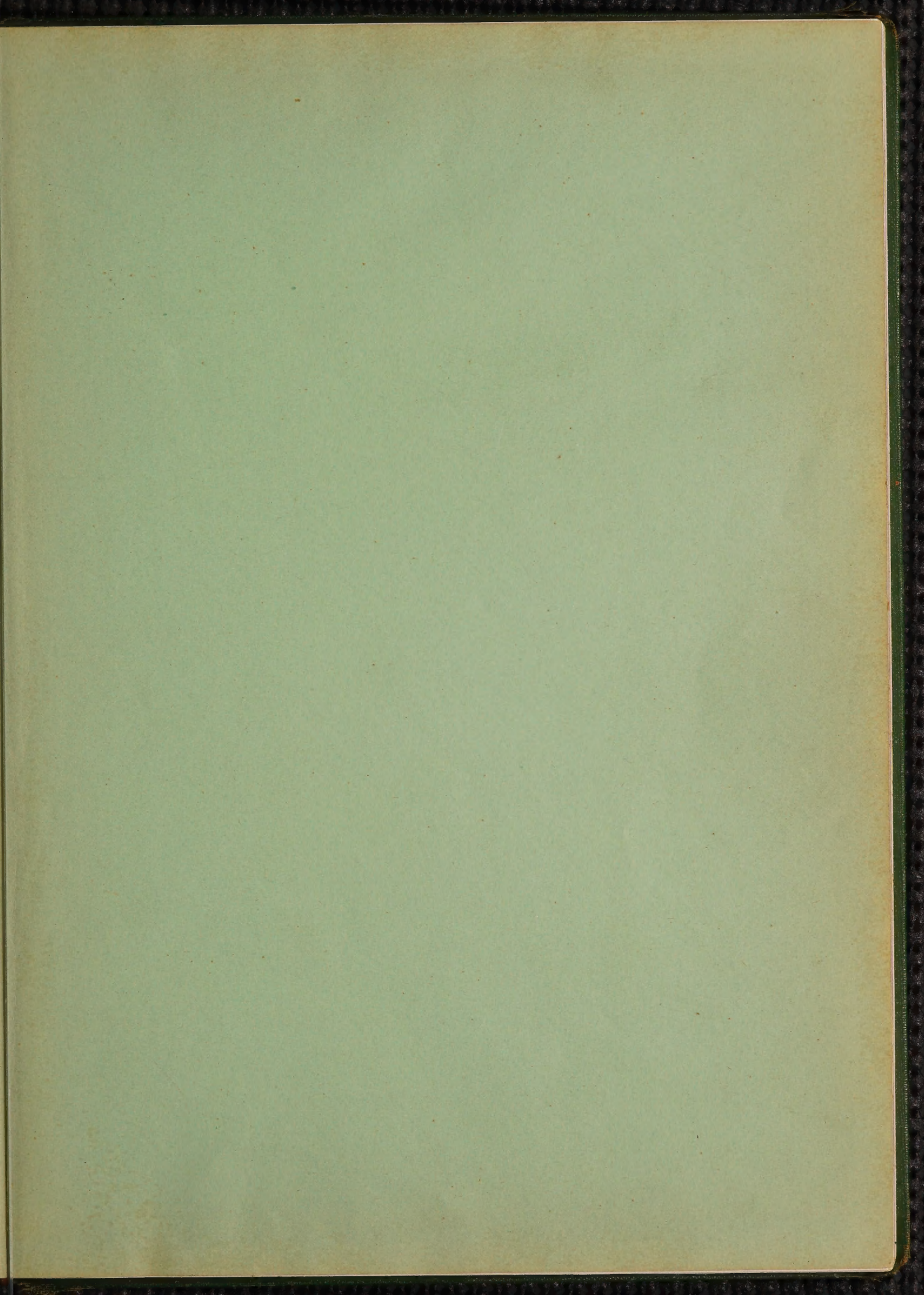
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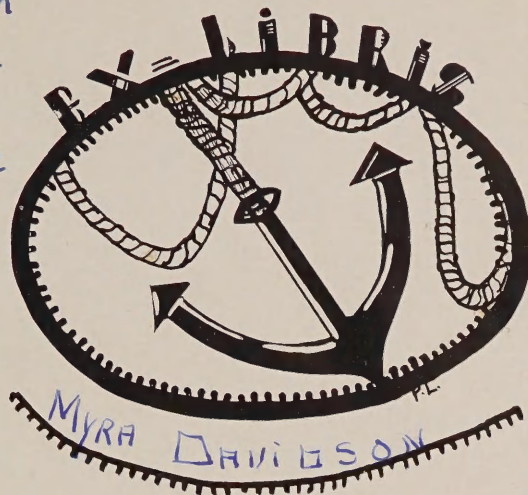








Don't grow so tall  
that you're out of  
my reach! Keep  
me always in your  
heart - I have you  
in mine -  
Elizabeth Faulkner







THE FAULKNER SCHOOL



# K I S M E T

*A Record of Events*

*of*

THE FAULKNER SCHOOL  
FOR GIRLS

1935-36

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS





MISS GENEVA F. MAC IVER

*Geneva F. MacIver*

*To*

*Miss Geneva F. MacIver*

*With deep appreciation for her patience,  
her help and her friendly guidance,  
always, we,*

*The Kismet Board of 1935-36  
lovingly dedicate this book.*

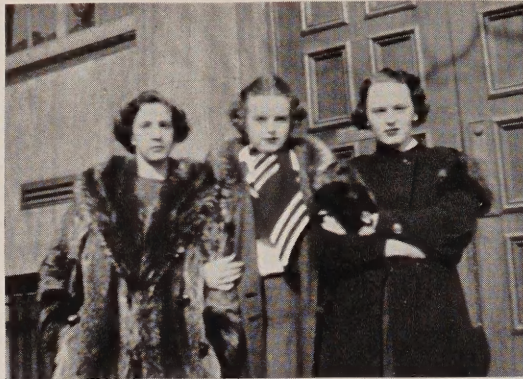


# Foreword

*This year we turn to the fascination of the sea, sea life, and ships for our theme. As the woodsmen chop down forests to build ships so the Intermediate Department lays the foundation for higher study. The Freshmen typify the building of the boat, as they begin their constructive work. The Sophomores are launching the big ship ready for its long journey, as they settle down to make the grade.*

*The Juniors are in the mid-ocean of their voyage. The Seniors show the triumphant landing of the ship to achievement after a long struggle. Of course, Captain Kidd with his treasure chest is the Literary Section. Activities seem best shown by a group of sailors, with packs on their backs, unloading the ship.*





## Year Book Board

*Editor-in-Chief*  
Catherine Griffin

*Associate Editors*  
Bee Wood  
Floraloise Altman

*Art Editors*  
Peggy Lepman, Chairman  
Betty Ann Murdock

*Business Manager*  
Courtney Ann Reid

*Literary Committee*  
Anne MacDougal, Chairman  
Marjorie Wescott      Beryl Rawlings  
Elise Epstein      Mary Dean  
Sally Jane Hayes      Betty Hubbard  
Frances Golick      Doris Kimball

*Humor Committee*  
Marjorie Weber—Chairman  
Jane Rittenhouse      Shirley Burton  
Betty Clark      Anne Nicholson

*Athletic Editor*  
Jane Weary





# THE IMMEDIATE







First row: E. L. Ullman, E. Wilhartz, G. Frank, Z. A. Macaulay.  
Second row: J. Sheppard, F. Blair, J. Monroe.  
Third row: H. Landis, N. Meadows.  
Top row: R. Winter, B. Wood, L. Dernberg.



## Fifth Grade

Marie Frances Blair	Joan Monroe
Gloria June Frank	Joan Sheppard
Zoe Ann Macaulay	Edna Lee Ullman
Sally Miller	Elaine Wilhartz

### OFFICERS

<i>President</i> .....	Sally Miller
<i>Vice-President</i> .....	Gloria Frank
<i>Secretary</i> .....	Joan Monroe
<i>Treasurer</i> .....	Marie Blair

*Colors*—Blue and White

## On the Beach

In summer we go swimming in the lake  
And play that we're a rattle snake,  
Or play we are pirates bold  
And many mysteries thus are told.

Then we come back to the land,  
And start adventures in the sand;  
We dig so deep that water we reach,  
Way down beneath the sandy beach.

We hold a sea-shell to our ear  
And many different sounds we hear;  
Then leave the beach at the close of day,  
Tired and happy from our play.

*Elaine Wilhartz*

## Snowball

Everyone likes my little pony,  
He is as white as snow;  
I wonder what I should name him—  
"Snowball," don't you think so?

*Frances Blair*

## Dora

My little cat is golden brown,  
She happens to be Angora;  
Her fur is just as soft as down,  
And everyone calls her "Dora."

*Joan Sheppard*

## A Winter Night

As I sit beside the warm grate fire,  
Watching the flames leap higher and higher,  
I hear the wind in the trees outside  
Shrieking and howling as though they cried.

*Joan Monroe*



## The Little Tea Set

There is a little tea set  
In the China shop;  
But it is marked one dollar-fifty  
And I've spent my all for a top.

Now I must get that little tea set,  
Though already I owe a debt;  
I'm so afraid someone will buy it,  
How I worry and I fret.

Today is my birthday,  
Here is a present from Aunt May.  
Oh! it is the tea set,  
That I saw the other day.

*Zoe Ann Macaulay*

## My Dad and Me

Under the little apple tree,  
There we sit, my dad and me.  
There we have lunch and there we have tea,  
Under the little apple tree.

We go a-strolling through the wood,  
And a jolly time have we;  
We know the names of all the leaves  
That belong to different trees.

We love each other,  
And you can see  
We shall always be pals—  
My dad and me.

*Sally Miller*



## Sixth Grade

Lois Dernberg  
Hope Landis  
Nancy Eugenia Meadows  
Regina Estelle Winter  
Betty Heath Wood

### OFFICERS

*President* ..... Lois Dernberg  
*Vice-President* ..... Betty Wood  
*Secretary* ..... Hope Landis  
*Treasurer* ..... Nancy Meadows

*Colors*—Maroon and White

### Robins

There's a robin in the woodland,  
There's a robin in the sea  
But they're just as different  
As different can be.

The one that's in the forest  
Has feathers and a tail;  
The one that's in the ocean  
Has a scaly coat of mail.

*Hope Landis*

### The Fish

I saw a little fish swimming in the pool,  
Oh my! but he looked cool;  
I caught him by the fin  
And found him very thin.

I dropped him on his head  
And there he lay,  
Until he swam away  
Down to his bed.

*Betty Wood*

### Pilgrims

Pilgrims going to and fro,  
Busy as can be,  
Preparing a feast and giving thanks that He  
Had brought them safely through  
The trials of life in a land quite new.

*Lois Dernberg*





First row: S. Pfaelzer, N. D'Ancona, A. Whitaker.  
Second row: E. Jackson, Z. Agar, G. Lorish.  
Top row: N. Miller, J. L. Forbes.

## Seventh Grade

Zonella Agar	Olene G. Lorish
Nina D'Ancona	Nancy Miller
Janet Forbes	Suzanne Pfaelzer
Edith E. Jackson	Adele Whitaker

### OFFICERS

President .....	Janet Forbes
Vice-President .....	Adele Whitaker
Secretary .....	Nancy Miller
Treasurer .....	Edith Jackson

*Colors*—Chinese Red and Ivory

### Asleep at the Post!

A squad of soldiers straight and tall  
Anxiously await the bugle call;  
In uniforms gay they are dressed  
Each so straight to look his best.

But why is there this sudden delay?  
We cannot stand like this all day.  
The bugler passes to and fro,  
Eager to bugle, "On to the foe!"

Each soldier waiting hopefully  
All eyeing the bugler woefully;  
But why this waiting? Why not start?  
Is the General doing it for a lark?

And then, alas! the truth leaks out;  
The jolly captain gives the shout,  
"The General is asleep!"  
Tired little boy with paper hat upon your head,  
Tired little boy, it's time to go to bed.

*Janet Forbes*

### Santa Claus

It is Christmas Eve—one minute to midnight,  
The sky is dark, but the stars are bright.  
Impatient children have long since gone to bed,  
Waiting for the sound of Santa's sled;  
But as they wait, their sleepy eyes do close  
In dreamland they peacefully doze:  
They dream sweet dreams of a fairyland  
Where boys and girls dance hand in hand.

Santa's sleigh softly stops; he takes out the toys,  
And slides down the chimney without any noise.  
He stealthily walks to the old fire place  
Warms his hands and wipes his face,  
Then places the toys under the tree  
For girls and boys like you and me;  
His gay little task is neatly done,  
He looks at the clock, it is almost one.  
Back up the chimney and off he starts  
Back to his workshop in unknown parts.

*Zonella Agar*



## Dusty Lane

I wander down a dusty lane.  
My feet, they lag at every step.  
The bees hum 'round the clover tops,  
And from wild lilac comes an entrancing scent.  
It has not changed since I saw it last,  
Nearly forty years ago.  
My thoughts roam back into the past.  
Oh, why did I ever go?

There is a cabin yonder, overgrown with weeds,  
All decayed and tumbled down;  
Yet it used to be a paradise,  
And I used to call it home.  
I a foolish boy was then,  
Always longed to roam;  
I couldn't get along in this hard world,  
So here I am, alone.

Hello, there, dear old Chestnut Tree!  
You're the only friend I've left,  
So sturdy and tall! You will last  
Knowing all, yet I'm ashamed  
To have you know about my past.

Among your branches I used to sit,  
The soft song of your branches comforting me.  
My face is worn,  
My shoes are old.  
My clothes are torn.  
But I shall forget about my pain,  
Wandering to my home  
At the bend of Dusty Lane.

*Genevra Lorish*

## The Silver Thread

There's a silver thread a-winding  
Across the meadows white,  
It comes from many tiny springs  
And makes a beauteous sight.

It weaves its way among the trees  
And out into the valley;  
Tumbling over piles of leaves  
It never stops to dally.

After many, many miles  
Through wood and field and meadow  
Dashing over rocks in piles  
It stops its rapid flow.

*Edith Jackson .*

## Early Winter

The wind was whistling down the streets  
Bringing hail right down in fleets;  
Old Man Winter had painted the grounds  
With silver frost and great white mounds.

And, too, the lake was touched with frost,  
No, its beauty was not lost.  
Along the shores were barren trees  
Not even moving in the breeze.

Children danced right up with glee  
At all the beauty they could see.  
Yes, indeed—without a doubt,  
Old Man Fall is moving out.

*Edith Jackson*

## Feeding the Turtles

While the morning sun is shining,  
I watch the little turtles climbing  
In and out among the weeds  
While I feed them turtle seed.

When the moon is shining bright,  
The little turtles sleep in delight;  
'Tis time for them to be in bed  
To rest their little sleepy heads.

And all the night they sleep till dawn  
And when they wake, the moon is gone;  
'Tis time to feed them now again,  
The turtles swimming in their fen.

*Adele Whitaker*

## A Stream

The little stream gently flowed  
Right down the mountain side,  
And as it rushed over the rocks  
It often quietly cried:

"Ripple, rapple, drippl  
I am a little stream,  
And as I grow larger  
The more the sun on me will gleam."

And as it came to the end of the mountain,  
Rushing along the ground,  
It flowed without a murmur—  
Not even a little sound.

And as it passed under the willows  
That were crooked and bent,  
And under the sun that God had sent,  
As it looked at the willows above  
It sang its little song of love.

*Nina D'Ancona*

## The Snow

The snow is soft and fluffy,  
Like a little duckling's down;  
It is so white and pretty,  
And it doesn't make a sound.

*Nancy Miller*





First row: M. Sachs, B. Steele, J. Gumbin.  
Second row: J. Altman, E. Marks, L. Hainsfurther, E. vonHermann.  
Third row: M. Shattuck, M. Hayes, V. Wilke, P. Thompson.  
Top row: M. Griffin, M. Davidson, J. Engelhardt.

## Eighth Grade

Jane Altman  
Myra Davidson  
Jacquelin Engelhardt  
Marjorie Griffin  
Judith Gumbin  
Lois J. Hainsfurther  
Mary E. Hayes  
Elaine M. Marks  
Minna F. Sachs  
Marjorie Shattuck  
Barbara Steele  
Phyllis Ruth Thompson  
Eugenia Ann von Hermann  
Millicent Virginia Wilke

### OFFICERS

*President* ..... Marjorie Griffin  
*Vice-President* ..... Minna Sachs  
*Secretary* ..... Myra Davidson  
*Treasurer* ..... Lois Hainsfurther  
*Colors*—Turquoise Blue and Black

## The Dance

From the ballroom come the strains  
Of music, soft and sweet,  
The people dancing to a waltz  
Sway with every beat.  
Three-quarter time the music plays—  
When two hearts beat as one;  
The night is young, the music soft,  
The dance has just begun.

From the ballroom come the strains  
Of laughter and of glee,  
The people dancing to and fro,  
As merry as can be;  
The lights are low, the music gay,  
There's joy in everything;  
The people dancing graceful steps,  
The dance is in full swing.

From the ballroom come the strains  
Of music fading 'way;  
The dancers dance not quite so much,  
They are not quite so gay,  
The night is old, and morning's near:  
The strains of "The Danube Blue"  
Fade into "Home Sweet Home,"  
The dance is almost through.

*Lois Hainsfurther*



## A Cat and Dog Time of It

Snorty was a great big dog. Purr was a cat. Like most dogs and cats they did not get along well with each other. Snorty always said,

"I am stronger than you. I can run faster. I can bark. . . . You can only purr. What good are cats?"

Purr retorted, "Cats must be some good or people would not have them. And I think you are very mean, Snorty, to be always boasting about yourself."

"What does boasting mean?" asked the rooster.

"Why, that's when you keep on telling people how good you are, what you can do and how much better you can do it than the other people. It's . . . it's not very nice," said Purr, shaking the dust from his longest whisker.

"Why don't you have a race or something?" asked Mr. Gander. "It would have to be a race where they both have the same chance of winning."

Then they all sat down on the barn floor and thought.

"I know, I know," cried Mr. Turkey. "Snorty and Purr can take Mary's and Jim's sleds and see who can get to the bottom of Long Hill slide the first."

"That's fine!" replied Snorty. "I'm heavier and I'll make the sled go faster. Ha, Ha, Purr, you'll have to wait on me for a whole year. Ha, ha!"

"Better not laugh yet, Snorty," said Mrs. Goose.

Well, they found the sleds, and went out to the top of the hill. Snorty and Purr got on the sleds. Mr. Turkey counted three and Mrs. Duck said, "Quack," and off the sleds started.

At first Purr seemed to go faster. Then Snorty caught up and began showing off.

"It looks as if Snorty would win," sighed Miss Chicken. Snorty was whizzing down the hill. Purr was trying to make his sled go faster. Then Snorty turned around and shouted,

"You haven't a chance, Purr. I knew I'd win."

Just then something happened. Snorty had been so sure he'd win, that he had not looked ahead of him. And before he knew it, he was headed right for a stump. He tried to stop. He cried,

"Help, help!" But it was too late. Bump! Thump! His sled went racing down the hill, leaving Snorty behind, sitting in the snow and rubbing his head.

Purr went sailing on down the hill and won the race. Everybody was glad. And Snorty seemed much nicer after his defeat.

*Elaine Marks*

## Day Dreams

The little girl sat in her room by herself,  
A picture by Degas stood on her shelf;  
The scene was a stage with a dancer in white,  
Who was posed like a bird about to take flight.  
She dreamed and she thought of her future afar,  
For she hoped to become a dancing star.  
From this time on she worked with a smile  
And she finally found that her work was worth while,  
For now she is known as a famous dancer  
Her name in bright lights spells Sono la Vancer.

*Barbara Steele*

## The Eighth Graders

Twelve little Eighth Graders  
Adding four and seven:  
Minna succeeded  
And that left eleven.

Eleven little Eighth Graders  
Trying to catch a hen:  
Marjorie Shattuck caught it  
And that left ten.

Ten little Eighth Graders  
Sitting on a dime:  
Myra fell off  
And that left nine.

Nine little Eighth Graders  
Trying to be late:  
Barbara was early  
And that left eight.

Eight little Eighth Graders  
Up in heaven:  
Phyllis told a lie  
And that left seven.

Seven little Eighth Graders  
Doing tricky tricks:  
Virginia couldn't do them  
And that left six.

Six little Eighth Graders  
Learning how to dive:  
Elaine did a Jackknife  
And that left five.

Five little Eighth Graders  
Eating an apple core:  
Lois had to choke  
And that left four.

Four little Eighth Graders  
Sitting in a tree:  
Jacquelin fell out  
And that left three.

Three little Eighth Graders  
Trying on a shoe:  
It fit Marjorie Griffin  
And that left two.

Two little Eighth Graders  
Looking at the sun:  
Jane was blinded  
And that left one.

One little Eighth Grader  
Cleaning out a gun:  
Eugenia couldn't take it,  
And that left none.

*Eugenia von Hermann*



## To a Great Dancer

With lightly tapping, flying feet  
That pulse and throb with rhythm fleet  
Up to stardom he has danced,  
While all the world looks on, entranced.  
He's not good-looking, as good looks go,  
But can he trip the fantastic toe!  
Floating 'round a ball-room floor,  
He packs the play-house to the door;  
His boyish smile and wit so keen  
Makes him the idol of the screen.  
The law of gravity he does dare,  
That skipping, bounding Fred Astaire.

*Marjorie Griffin*

## The Circus Clown

His clothes were so funny,  
Half yellow, half red,  
And he wore a green hat  
On the side of his head.

And capering after him  
All 'round the ring,  
Was a little pet pony,  
The prettiest thing!

If I hadn't already  
Decided to be  
A jolly young sailor  
A-roaming the sea,

I guess I'd be tempted  
To take up the trade  
Of being a clown  
In a circus parade!

*Elaine Marks*

## Who Is He?

Who is He that aids the sick and gives us all His love,  
Who is He that helps us pray? None but God above.  
Who is He that helps us through and makes our pathway bright;  
Who is He that teaches us and gives us knowledge and light;  
Who is He that helps us pray and makes us fine and true,  
Who is He that forgives our sins and lets us start anew?  
Now who is He that does these things? Who brings us life and love?  
No one living in the world; just the God above.

*Jane Altman*

## My Dog "Lad"

I have a dog whose name is "Lad,"  
He's the best pal I ever have had,  
He is quite small but brave in heart,  
Has a little head but is downright smart;  
Lad's got four feet and can he run?  
That is when we have our fun.

In the summer after our play  
Lad's the first to hit the hay,  
Off in a dreamland all his own  
He will dream of a luscious bone.

Then comes the dawn of another day,  
Lad is out and ready to play:  
Jumping and running with all his might  
And always ready to pick a fight.

*Mary Hayes*

## Buttercups

Little yellow buttercups  
Are bits of fairy-gold,  
Meadows full of shining wealth  
For fairy hands to hold.

Fairy children find them  
And away they skip and hop  
To spend them in the market  
For a fairy lollipop.

*Jacquelin Engelhardt*

## A Waltz

Happy graceful couples  
Darting to and fro,  
Swaying on the dance floor  
To a three-step sweet and slow.

Some of them are smiling,  
None of them is sad;  
But most of them are listening  
To that three-step gay and glad.

*Myra Davidson*



## The King of Winter

Who gives the air an icy chill  
On winter's long cold days?  
Who paints the sky such dreary hues  
Of blues and blacks and grays?  
Who gives the trees their lacy gowns,  
And jackets made of snow?  
Who nips each little cheek and nose—  
Each finger and each toe?  
Who freezes every pond and stream  
With ice as smooth as glass?  
Who makes a blanket of downy snow  
To protect the sleeping grass?  
Who sheds the fairy wings that fall  
As snow upon the ground?  
Who paints the windows with frosty paints—  
And never makes a sound?  
Who is king of all the elves—  
With an icicle staff in his hand?  
At whose commanding word do elves  
Make a Winter Wonderland?  
Who does all these marvelous things?  
Does it really interest you?  
Can't you guess this little king?  
Why!—Jack Frost—that is who!

*Lois Hainsfurther*

## A Gift of God

O slender, fragrant flower of the field  
As you gently wave to and fro  
To a rippling summer breeze  
I wonder why God made you so!

*Myra Davidson*

## The Jolly Snowman

The snow was lying thick and deep  
Upon the ground below;  
As a group of children met  
To make a man of snow.

Working with shouts and laughter  
They rolled him all together;  
They stuck a hat upon his head  
And topped it with a feather.

Between his lips they thrust a pipe  
Put a broomstick in his hand;  
The children gazed full of delight  
At the snowman, tall and grand.

Then they ran off and forgot him  
As they went about their play,  
And he stood there sad and lonely  
Getting stiffer every day.

Winter merged into the spring,  
The wind came from the south;  
He dropped the broomstick from his hand,  
The pipe fell from his mouth.

Day by day he grew smaller  
His pudgy cheeks became thin!  
He lost his rotund figure  
But he kept his handsome grin.

One day in early April  
When the children came from school,  
They could not find their snowman  
But instead a muddy pool.

*Marjorie Griffin*

## An Old Time Romance

The music's soft,  
The lights are dim—  
He smiles at her,  
She smiles at him.

The music is louder—  
The lights are bright,  
He says, 'My love—'  
She says, "Good Night!"

They meet again:  
The moon beckons bliss,  
They look at each other,  
There's a lingering kiss!

The music's soft,  
The lights are dim—  
'Tis her last farewell,  
As she's placed by him.

This all began  
When he asked her to dance,  
She said, "I will;"  
Then came romance.

Now they are married,  
And look back to that dance,  
When boldly he asked  
Her to share in romance,

Now they are grey  
And think of the past,  
The dance, the kiss,—  
How long did each last?

*Myra Davidson*



## Joey's Letters

With a little sigh, the old lady snapped the rubber band back on the tattered package of letters lying on her lap. Reading them had brought back old memories of Joe in 1818, when they had been married. Dear Joe, the dearest man anyone could have desired for a husband!

"Forty-six years we were married before he died," she mused. "But he'll never be dead for me, when young Joey's around. Dear boy! I wonder how he's getting along at college. When he comes home, I must give these to him."

She patted the letters fondly.

"Everyone Joe ever sent to me," the old lady continued, "eighty-one of them. I can hardly wait to see young Joey's face, when I give these letters to him. He loves things out of the past just like his Grandpa. He'll never lose them, I know."

And so she sat on dreaming in the dusk and it seemed as though Joe were standing there in the door, and behind him stood young Joey, big and strong, with his latest football trophy, tucked under his arm waiting to give it to her.

A smile passed over the old lady's face and her head dropped forward as if in sleep, the letters still in her lap.

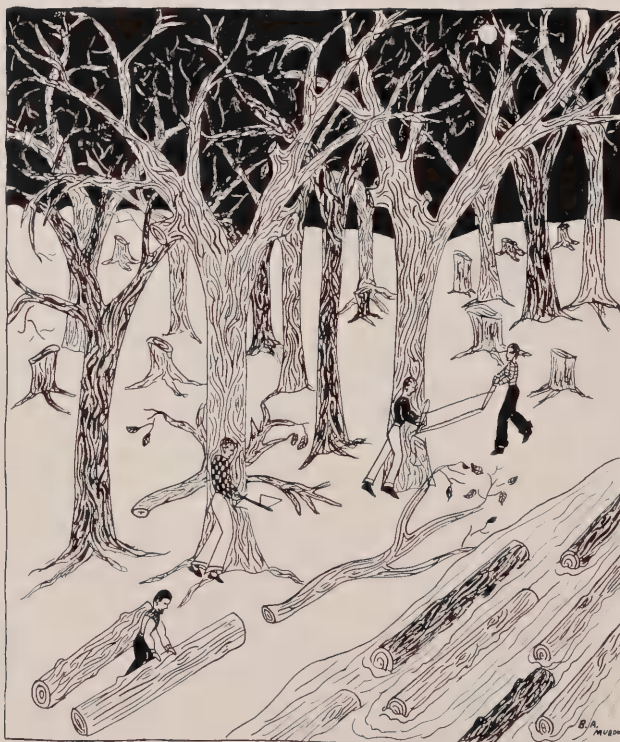
Two months later, when young Joey came home, his mother gave him the letters left to him by his grandmother.

Up in his room, Young Joey glanced over them carelessly.

"Gee, just letters from Mother's old man to Gram. Funny old duck! Imagine writing stuff like this to your girl. But Gram got a kick out of them."

He threw them back in the drawer and then went out slamming the door after him. No, Grandma was wrong. Joey had lost those letters.

*Marjorie Griffin*



# FRESHWATER





## Freshmen

Ann Lee Brady	Libby McKey
Marguerite Boyle	Courtney McGrath
Genevieve Bernstein	Peggy Meadows
Betty Ann Cohn	Dorothy Pick
Caroline Camp	Esther Ranney
Betty Hubbard	Catherine Strandberg
Virginia Heun	Muriel Taussig
Polly Harsha	Harryett Taxman
Doris Jean Kimball	Marilyn Wharton

### Sub-Freshman

Marguerite Lehmann

### OFFICERS

<i>President</i> .....	Virginia Heun
<i>Vice-President</i> .....	Doris Kimball
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i> .....	Polly Harsha
<i>Athletic Representative</i> .....	Caroline Camp

*Colors*—Red and Silver

*Flowers*—Violets

*Motto*—Veni, Vidi, Vici

## The Freshman Class



This little poem that follows  
Means nothing for my part;  
So please just laugh a little  
And don't take it to heart.

Eighteen must go into this space,  
About each one I'll tell;  
So please don't stop before you start,  
Just ring the gong or bell.

I shall begin with Ginny dear  
As she's our president;  
A better sport you'd never find  
If anywhere you sent.

Her best friend is my next victim,  
And you know whom I mean,  
A favorite of all of us—  
Yes, Doris is a queen!

Well, Mog, I guess it's your turn,  
 For you're next on my sheet,  
 To have you here is quite a joy,  
 It's certainly a treat.



Puddy is liked by all of us,  
 We think she is just grand;  
 What would we Freshmen do without her?  
 Strandberg we demand!



Polly is very quiet,  
 But we know that she is there,  
 For she's a class necessity  
 A good sport, fair and square.

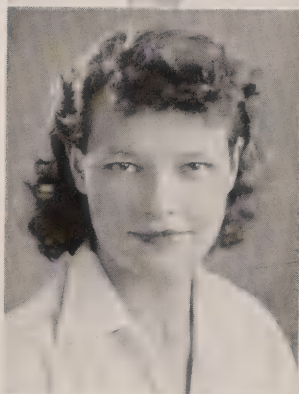


*May your  
 H+ increase:  
 and may you  
 get what you  
 want out of  
 life.  
 Dick H. May  
 Polly*

Libby sits right near me,  
 Her humor is superb,  
 I could not do without her,  
 My low moods to disturb.







To a friend  
I have known  
8 years! Sick Camp

Caroline and Courtney,  
I'll put here as a pair,  
As they're the ones that lead our sports,  
And will from year to year.

Dot is always on the spot  
When the old ball goes too high,  
A gentle touch, a little push  
And in the air it does fly.

Marilyn has a cheery laugh,  
And uses it a lot;  
But any blues or troubles  
Her laugh is sure to blot.

Peggy is a swell, swell girl  
And we all love her, too,  
It takes a girl like Peggy  
To brighten things for you.



Genevieve's our goalie;  
You usually can depend  
On her to keep the ball out,  
When you fail the ball to send.



Esther has a humor  
That none of us can catch:  
She has a joke for everything  
That we can never match.



Hubbard is our greatest tease—  
No better sport exists—  
We think we pull a joke on her  
But she knows all the answers.





Questions on a ballet  
 Betty Cohn can answer,  
 And some day I am sure she'll be  
 A very famous dancer.



Harryett says she hasn't a drawl,  
 But we all claim that she has;  
 Everyone will sure admit  
 That she's a Southern lass.



The lessons for the day in French  
 Are often hard to meet,  
 Yet we come out on top that day  
 With thanks to Marguerite.



Ann Lee always has a trick  
 For every small occasion,  
 And any dare I'm sure she'll take  
 Without so much persuasion.

And last of all I come to me,  
 For once I think I'm done;  
 So you'll have to fill this space  
 With your own jokes and a pun.

*Muriel Taussig*



## Faulkner Freshmen, 1935-36

The Faulkner Freshmen, full of pep,  
Are eighteen strong, and my!  
With such original members  
They certainly will get by.  
For if each Faulkner Freshman,  
About six years from now,  
Makes good her own ambition,  
They may well be proud, and how!  
They may boast a trained nurse and an actress  
And an opera singer, maybe—  
A writer, a teacher, a dancer,  
And an artist or two, probably.  
So looking into the future  
They'll proudly march ahead  
Through their happy days at Faulkner  
Until they reach the end.  
And on their graduation day,  
With joy, they'll hear Miss Faulkner say,  
"The Class of '39, Hurray!"  
Three cheers for the Faulkner Freshmen!

Betty A. Cohn

## A Freshman Party

Near Caroline's *Camp* a Freshman party is in progress. The kitchen is in a *Hubba*(rd) because the girls are making *Ginny* bread, also ice-cream for the *Cobns* which are ordered.

*Muriel* is out in the *Meadows* Pick-ing *Marguerites* and *E(A)sters* to help in the decorations for the event.

"Oh dear! I hope it won't be a *Ranney* day. *Marilyn*, see that the chocolate is *Boyl*-ing but don't let it *Bern*(stein). Oh, *Whar*-ton the world can *Marilyn* be doing? *Ann Lee*, you'll have to watch it."

"There goes the door bell. Come on in, the *Dor*-is open."

"It won't open?"

"Somebody *Benjamin* it."

"Isn't she *Harry*-ette?"

As the girls were going home from this very successful party, Polly uttered a dismal groan, "Oh, girls, I must have dropped *McKey* in the *Court*(ney( yard)." And all the time the key was in her hand! Poor absent-minded Polly.

Catherine Strandberg

## Romance

"Honey,"

"Let Me Call You Sweetheart" "For I'm Falling In Love With Someone" "'Neath a Southern Moon" "In a Little Gypsy Tea Room" on "The Isle of Capri."

"I Feel a Song Coming On," "Because the Words Are In My Heart" and "I'm In the Mood For Love;" so let's go to "The Avenue of Broken Dreams" and "Soon" you'll "Speak to Me of Love" in a "Whispering" voice.

So "Precious One" "Please" let me come "About a Quarter to Nine" and take you "Down the Old Ox-Road" to "Flirtation Walk" where we'll be "Alone."

"Love and Kisses,"

"South American Joe."

(A. L. Brady)

P.S.—"I Love You."

## Breakers Ahead!

Dear Betty:

It seems so wonderful to be able to have a holiday even though we miss the children. Have you heard that John was asked to work in the Mayo Clinic? He was so proud to be asked because he has always wanted to work with the Mayos. He begins his work in two months. Until February, we are free to do as we wish. Consequently we are making up some of the traveling we missed.

The moment I arrived in Paris, I went to your shop. Your clothes are really beautiful, though a little fragile for my hard wear.

Guess what has happened to Betty Cohn? She is in the Russian Ballet! She has had so much ballet training all of her life that this Company feels that she is eligible. I am wondering if she will be happy as she has only three more years to be in the Ballet before she reaches their age limit. Betty is marvelous, though.

Courtney stopped in to see me the other day. It seems that her husband had to leave Washington to study the situation in Russia. Meanwhile Courtney is staying in Paris and having a gay time of it.

Marilyn and Ann Lee are doing a play together. Marilyn, you see, always wanted to do one with Ann Lee and her "Public," it seems, still loves her. They're doing a good old-fashioned "Drama."

Doris and Virginia have just opened a finishing school here in Paris. Both are proud of the success that they have had with the school. It is their Faulkner training coming out again.

Libby's play, "Latin Prelude," has been very popular over here. It is on tour now. I can't say that I think much of the play, it's too much "Prelude." Lib's acting is the only thing that saves it.

Caroline's shop is very famous over here. She also sells sport clothes now that she is known as America's best horsewoman. Her slogan is, "When Camping, don't forget *Camp's*."

Peggy is doing scenery for the Russian Ballet. It is a step up from Cezanne and Picasso, though it is considered an honor to paint ballet scenery.

I had a letter from Muriel the other day. She says that she is well. I hope to see her as soon as I get back to New York.

Mog and Pud have opened a Dude Ranch of all things! Mog's husband had to go out West to see the conditions of the cattle supply. So Mog and Pud decided to run a Dude Ranch six months of every year that Mog's husband is in the West.

Genevieve and Esther are both on the Riviera now. I wonder how they are and if they have seen each other. I rather imagine that they have.

Hoping to see you soon, I am

Faithfully yours,

Polly

## Rags and Tatters

On a dark, snowy Saturday, little Jackie wished that he could see the big football game: but Jackie did not have any money, nor did he know of anyone who might take him to the game. His clothes were old and worn, and not warm enough, but his face and hands were clean and his blue eyes were shining.

There he stood, shivering, on the corner, while he watched the crowd pass through the gates and listened to the cheers from the crowd inside, which thrilled him so.

Jackie had found a hole in the fence where he could see most of the plays; but he was waiting to see the team pass into the field. Finally they came, all the players with their big purple blankets and the big white *N* on the back. Jackie raced over to be just a little nearer, when one of the players looked at him and smiled. Jackie smiled, too, and said to him timidly,

"Please, mister, won't you take me in?"

The player, without hesitating, opened his blanket and wrapping it around Jackie, took him in—not into the grand stand but on the bench with the players.

It all seemed like a dream to Jackie. To be there right in the midst of everything, and to be able to hear their comments, to see players whom he had thought of as young gods and had almost worshiped—all this was very thrilling and made the day the happiest of Jackie's life.

*Courtney McGrath*

## Why Flies?

You may have heard people ask, "Why were flies ever created?" This is the answer.

A long time ago there lived in Sparta a young girl who, in appearance, closely resembled Athena. This maiden, whose name was Celestia, had one ambition, which was to pass from place to place even as Athena did. She prayed to Hermes, who made her a pair of beautiful wings.

Then she challenged Athena, saying, "O Goddess Athena, I can fly longer than any mortal or immortal. Come, grant me a race."

Athena, against her will, consented to race with Celestia, but stipulated that the sentence would be death to Celestia, if she did not win the race.

On the given day the race was held. Celestia took her stand well until near the end. Hermes, her helper, feared the wrath of Zeus if Zeus should find out about the wings; so he deserted Celestia, who, without the help of Hermes, was unable to fly longer.

Athena did not want to see Celestia's ability pass entirely out of existence; so she turned the beautiful Celestia into a fly.

Hence flies!

*Doris Kimball*





## The Magic Mirror

Once upon a time, there lived by the sea shore an old fisherman and his mother. Although he had never had any neighbors, the old fisherman, after his mother's death, became so lonely that he decided to venture forth on a journey which would acquaint him with the sight of his native country.

The evening before he started, there appeared at the door of his cottage a feeble old woman, so bent with age that she could hardly walk, and so ugly that at first sight of her the fisherman turned to flee, until, prompted by his curiosity, he looked again and noticed her beautiful silvery-white hair. It seemed to cast a noble air about her ugly features, and for a moment her poor hunched back appeared to straighten, but only for a moment; for as quickly as it had come, the illusion vanished, and there stood before the fisherman only an old and ugly woman with beautiful hair, which seemed to catch and reflect the rays of the setting sun.

Now the old woman came forward, and in a low musical voice, said, as she held out her hand,

"The Mirror of Character is yours; keep it well," and laying the glistening mirror before his feet, appeared to sink down into the earth.

After the old fisherman had recovered from his surprise, he closely examined the mirror, and as he turned it from side to side, there appeared in it the likeness of a beautiful woman all dressed in white, with silver sandals on her feet, a golden scepter in her hand, and, wonder of all wonders, the color of her hair was silvery-white, and cast a halo of light around her head. But now as the old fisherman gazed at the mirror, the figure of the beautiful lady faded away, and the mirror was blank as before. The fisherman, still in a spell of wonderment, gathered together his few belongings, put them in a sack and slinging the sack over the back of his donkey, made ready to start on the morrow.

Three days later, the old fisherman arrived at the capital, and though appalled at the noise and size, proceeded by way of the side street to enter the town. At last he reached the square before the palace, and so dazzled was he by the splendor and elegance of the masterly towers, lofty spires, hand-wrought iron gates, and grim battlements that he did not hear the herald crying:

"Make way for the King! Make way for the King!"

Thus when the king and his party, just returned from hunting, cantered down the street, the fisherman found himself surrounded by neighing horses and angry noblemen. He became so frightened that when the king addressed him, wanting to know the cause of his disobedience towards the heralds, he could not utter a word, and was led away from the scene by two armed guards.

Next day he was brought before the king and asked to explain the reasons for his conduct. The king, who was very wise and beloved by all of his subjects, asked the old fisherman for the story of his life. The fisherman complied, wisely omitting mention of the magic mirror.

After he had finished, the king, who was noted for his judgment of men, said,

"If you can answer me this one question, you will have proved to me your wisdom, and it will be the only reason necessary for me to keep you in my court. If I had an extremely bitter enemy, who, for some petty offense, was brought before me for trial, should I free the man, or, after enlarging upon his crime, should I send him to the gallows?"

The old fisherman begged for leave to meditate upon this question in another room. When the king granted this request and the old man was alone, he took out his magic mirror and saw in it the picture of a man being sent to another town, where his dishonesty was not known, and thus being given another chance. This the old fisherman told to the king who immediately bestowed great favors on the old man and made him a member of the court.

A few months later, when the old man was made personal adviser to the king and was knighted for good services performed for his king, he felt something prick him, and putting his hand into his coat pocket, drew out the pieces of the magic mirror.

For the mirror's work was done!

*Caroline Campbell*

## The Right Door

The early April sunshine came creeping through the wide bay window overlooking the pony stable of the Gareth Lawless', next door. The rain drops on the window pane shone like tiny living things dancing in the sunlight. Suddenly the joyful shout of children's voices stole into the humble but cheerful and homey room, where Mrs. Elsie Trumble sat knitting with only Buster Brown, the old Collie, crouched by her feet, his nose on his paws, his amber eyes blinking lazily in the sunlight.

A smile stole to her lips and she hurriedly quitted her chair to go to the window and pressed her nose to the glass, in time to see three little girls come dancing into the now vivid sunlight. The smallest, a tiny fairy-like creature with hair like spun gold and dimpled cheeks of roses, pealed forth in a clear sweet little voice: "It's stopped raining, it's stopped raining!" The second, a demure little dark-haired thing whose big dark eyes sparkled with mischief, ran to the stable bent on harnessing and bridling her small pony. The third, a little maiden of nine, whose red-gold curls shone like burnished gold in the sunshine and whose dark violet eyes sparkled with childish ecstasy, threw open the stable door and raced in after her gypsy-like small sister.

Mrs. Trumble watched them play, a look of wistfulness plainly reflected in her kind brown eyes, for Mrs. Trumble was childless and middle-aged, and longed day and night for a little girl baby. She called out to a pleasant-faced Irish girl working busily in the kitchen:

"Eileen, you had better put the potatoes on to boil, for Mr. Trumble will be home shortly."

"Shore, Mrs. Trumble, and it'll be in a jiffy that the dinner'll be ready."

Soon a bell was heard and Elsie Trumble hurried to the door to welcome her dearly loved husband. He walked in, his big arms tightly clasping a large box which he handed to his wife with a kiss.

"There, sweet, is a little something I got for your birthday."

She made haste to open it, while Mr. Trumble standing near, watched her animated face as she cut strings and tore papers. Finally it was opened and disclosed yards of lovely satiny material of a soft lavender hue which would look lovely against her whitening hair and rosy cheeks. She was delighted as a child with her birthday present and talked about it all through dinner with smiles and sparkling eyes.

After dinner the two middle-aged people went into the living room, the man to read the newspapers, the woman to rock and sew. All was peaceful except for the clatter of dishes in the kitchen, and long after the kitchen light had been turned off, the Trumbles sat in their humble home reading and rocking.

Suddenly the sound of the door bell was heard, and Elsie looked questioningly at her husband as if to ask who could be at the door, at that time of night. She rose and went to the bolted door.

"Who is it?" she called. No answer. Mr. Trumble walked over beside Elsie and, asking who was there and receiving no answer the second time, opened the door. There was a cry and Elsie Trumble ran out to the door step to pick up a large bundle, a basket which lay there. She ran to the light to see what might be in the basket, when she was arrested by a cry,—the cry of a baby. Hurriedly she pulled back the covers and there lay a little year-old babe with a few golden curls and big, dark eyes which looked up at her full of expression.

"A real live baby," Elsie gasped, and hugged the tiny bundle to her breast, with a look of wonderful joy on her transfigured face. Mr. Trumble had noticed a note lying on the bottom of the basket. This he tore open and read aloud:

"This is my little daughter. She is a year old, and I am no longer able to take care of her. I cannot bear to take her to an Orphan Asylum, and I hope you will put joy in my tired heart by keeping her as your child."

Poor Elsie's heart was too full for anything but tears, and Mr. Trumble, with a wonderful look of happiness on his awed face, put his two great arms about the happy sobbing woman, whose hungry arms clasped the tiny bundle of humanity to her aching heart.

*Marilyn Wharton*

## Our Class

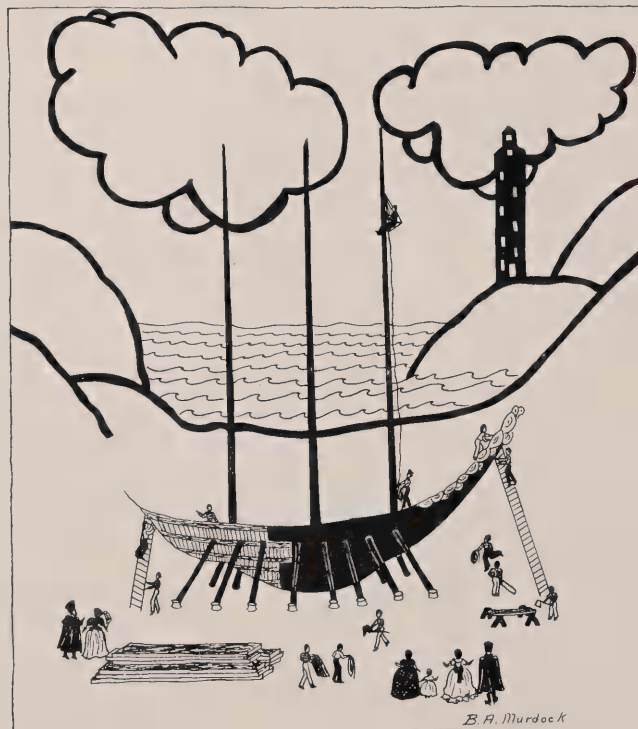
I was asked to draw a picture of our class and, as I know nothing about drawing, I found it impossible.

The next best thing to do was to take a picture with a camera. I tried a few times but when the pictures were developed, they were all blurred, for our class is so active that you cannot catch them even with a camera. Consequently, I have decided to give you a composite picture:

If all our sizes were added together, we should weigh nineteen thousand pounds; a shoe size would be one hundred and eleven, a glove size would be one hundred and twenty-six, and our age would be two hundred and fifty-two years.

Our ages range from Betty Anne to Virginia, the youngest and oldest respectively; the fattest is Genevieve, the thinnest is Muriel, and the most attractive is Anne Lee Brady. The most popular is Marguerite Boyle, and the best athlete is Courtney McGrath. The most all-round Faulkner girls belong to the class of '39.

*Peggy Meadows*







## Sophomores

Shirley Jane Burton  
Rilla Marjorie Blair  
Mary Dean  
Jane Ellerd

Priscilla George  
Betty Ann Murdock  
Ruth Panama  
Anne Nicholson

### OFFICERS

*President* ..... Mary Dean  
*Vice-President* ..... Shirley Burton  
*Secretary-Treasurer* ..... Jane Ellerd  
*Athletic Representative* ..... Marjorie Blair



*Colors*—Blue and Silver

*Flowers*—Periwinkle

*Motto*—Excelsior

"Peter" believes that one good question deserves another; so spends her time "cross-examining" patient teachers; and falling over disinfectant sprays. Dear Peter, always clowning!



Picture fragile "Mudd" in shorts galloping around a hockey field; rather standing in a field of daisies and wearing a frilly organdy dress of ruffles.



Anne is the great success in playing with congruent triangles, the parts of villains, and chop-sticks! Also in games of all kinds.

Our well poised "Pussy" thinks the moon is made of green cheese and that Napoleon took a ride in the wee small hours. Pussy is a princess!



Versatile "Deanie-Weanie" plays basketball like an Athenian, never misses on homework, has sarcastic humor in her subtle come backs and is crowned with A+'s.



Of all her many studies, "Love In Bloom Jane" prefers lunch to anything and maintains that the only thing worth achieving is the top of the ladder.



"Squirrely." No, I'm really not very hungry, but this gingerbread is so good." *Shirley Burton*





## Sophomoric Impressions

"Bee"	"Orchids In the Moonlight"
Anne	"The Object of My Affections"
"Jan"	"Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?"
Marge Weber	"You and the Night and the Music"
Wescott	"An Earful of Music"
"Brooksie"	"I Wish That I Were Twins"
"Strandie"	"I Think You're Wonderful"
"Pease"	"One in a Million"
"Kay" G.	"You Oughta Be in Pictures"
"Glo"	"Roll Out of Bed with a Smile"
"Dickie"	"It Was a Blind Date"
Jane	"The House Is Haunted" ('member?)
Nan	"Blue in Love"
Beryl	(Monday morning) "I Woke Up Too Soon"
Barbara	"Without that Certain Thing"
Sally	"Straight from the Shoulder"
Warren	"Wild Honey"
"Auddy"	"Stay as Sweet as You Are"
Helen	"I've Got an Invitation to a Dance" (Prom)
Kay Boyle	"Waitin' at the Gate for Katy"
"Clarkie"	"I Knew You When"
Pat	"Am I To Blame?"
Deanie-Weanie	"Love Locked Out" (?)
Ruth	"Love Thy Neighbor" (me)
Anne	"This Little Piggy Went to Market"
Peter	"His Majesty the Baby"
Betty Ann	"Simple and Sweet"
Marge Blair	"Keep Young and Beautiful"
Jane P. Q. Ellerd	"Fun To Be Fooled" (eh, what?)
"Dot" Pick	"Top Hat" (Hallowe'en Party)
M. Lehman	"Viva la France"
Shirley	"Blame It on My Youth"
The Above	"Please" "Don't Be Angry"

*"Squirrely" Burton*

## Aftermath of a Trip to Europe

Let Paris have her Eiffel Tower and Notre Dame Cathedral;  
 Let London have her bridges and her Cleopatra's Needle;  
 Let Heidelberg have her Students and her ancient castles, too;  
 Let Amsterdam have her wind mills and her maids in dress of blue;  
 Rome may have St. Peter's with Mussolini thrown in,  
 While fish, fiords and timber go to a Dane or Fin;  
 Let Ethiopia have her conquering Lion of Judah,  
 While the Japanese may worship their honorable Buddha,  
 Barcelona may have her bull fights and señoritas gay;  
 But for them all I wouldn't trade one square foot of our old U.S.A.

*Betty Ann Murdock*

## One Love Letter

Dearest "Margy,"

As I write this letter I am glad to see the "Moon over Miami" and the "Red Sails in the Sunset" have just faded. For the past few days I've been hearing "Rain on the Roof." I don't even wish I were on "Treasure Island" when I'm here.

"Thanks a Million" for the candy, it is all so good that I have to say "Enee Menee Minee Mo" when I want to eat some.

"I Feel Like a Feather in the Breeze" as "I'm Sitting High on a Hill-top," thinking about "You" and there is "No Other One." I felt "A Little Bit Independent" when I came here but now I hate to say "Dinner for One, Please James."

I am "Alone" as I write this, but I will soon be eating ("Dinner at Eight") and it is now ten minutes to eight; so I'll say goodnight. "It'll be so nice seeing you again," I'll meet you at "A Quarter to Nine" so "With All My Heart" I say I love you,  
"John Peel"

P.S. "Thanks" again for the candy and "Please" wire me when you leave for "Dixie."

*Anne Nicholson*



## A Buried Treasure

Well, it was the end of the month and also the day that our report cards were to be handed to our mothers. Mother was waiting for mine.

The first thing that I did was to open the envelope. Then I opened the card with trembling hands and looked. It was as follows: "*P* in spelling, *P* in reading, *P* in writing and *P* in deportment."

What a report card! The sight of it made me shudder. What should I do? Commit suicide? That was it. I'd kill myself. I ambled down to the railroad and threw myself on the tracks, but when I saw a train coming I decided it was going too fast. Then I planned to shoot myself, but soon realized that I had never shot a gun before and I probably should miss.

Planning to get a good view of the town before killing myself, I climbed to the top of a tall warehouse on the river. While up there, I conceived the idea of jumping into the water but soon gave that up, because I did not have a parachute in case I decided *not* to jump. Also, I could not swim and the water looked too cold.

Finding no way of getting rid of myself, I sat down ready to starve, when I thought of burying the card. I called my dog and we began to dig a hole. Soon the report card was buried and I went home whistling, but my conscience bothered me. However, it was soon relieved and mother's anger, also, for in trotted my dog with the buried treasure in his mouth!

The card was covered with dirt and I hastily tried to explain this condition to mother. All explanation had no effect and I regretted not only the marks but also the ineffectual attempt to bury the card. After acknowledging the truth to mother, she said that she would give me another chance but that it was a very bad thing to do. The card was mother's treasure, *not mine!!*

Priscilla George



## And We Wonder Why Teachers Lose Patience

Excerpts from an average girl's thoughts in an average French class:

"Ho Hum . . . and Ho hum . . . will this class never end? (A sudden burst of animation) "Oh thrill! today's the day I'm going down to get that darling formal for Friday's party and . . . ."

"Er . . . uh, would you repeat that please, Mlle?"

. . . . "Yes, really I was, Mlle., I just didn't hear you . . . . Oh, thank you, that's what I thought you said, 'Traduisez en francais; 'the little girl came and set the roses on the piano, singing all the while.'" . . . . "Well; La petite fille . . . . uh . . . . uh, yes, Mademoiselle, honestly I studied. I just don't seem to remember it."

After several moments pause, the next girl takes it and gives it beautifully, to which our heroine chirps cheerily, "Of course, that's what I meant to say all the time."

Then her agile brain takes her back to the place in her dreams where she left off, and she wonders what kind of corsage Johnny will give her, and gets to the point of deciding the kind of perfume she will wear, when Mademoiselle again rudely interrupts her reveries and another scintillating discourse takes place.

After two or three more such encounters, the bell rings and Mademoiselle asks her to remain for a few moments after class.

"Me, Mademoiselle? What on earth for? Don't you think I knew my lesson very well?"

*Mary Dean*

## A Pome

Mary had a little cramming  
For her math to do,  
And everywhere that Mary went  
Her algebra went, too.

*Ruth Panama*

## The Little Green Book

(THE FRESHMEN, SEPTEMBER 20)

Oh, this little Green Book is a joy to us all,

It's so thin and so small!

Why, the very first day

Forty pages were reviewed by Class A.

But the Freshmen come slowly their i-stems to know,

Then Place names and objectives deepen their woe,

While those conjugations must go just so;

Video, veniō, capiō, dō.

Then pronouns elusive

Cause language abusive.

"Why subjunctives? why all

These small moods?

Reviews now exhaust us,

Much sleep they have cost us,

We'll *burn* this book, after it's used!"

(THE NEXT YEAR, MID JANUARY)

"We are Sophomores now, and still plodding away,

Referred to *that Green Book* almost every day,

And small though it is, it is now very plain,

We never shall master all it seems to contain."

E. C.



# Junior





## Junior Class

Katherine Mae Boyle  
Barbara Bryant  
Betty Clark  
Audrey Flower  
Frances Golick  
Sally Jane Hayes  
Marjorie Hoexter  
Margery Klein

Peggy Lepman  
Beryl Rawlings  
Courtney Ann Reid  
Helen Reynolds  
Jane Rittenhouse  
Jean Sonnenschein  
Patricia Warfield  
Jane Warren

### OFFICERS

*President* ..... Helen Reynolds  
*Vice-President* ..... Sally Jane Hayes  
*Secretary-Treasurer* ..... Margery Klein  
*Athletic Representative* ..... Jane Rittenhouse

*Colors*—Vermilion Red and Black

*Flower*—Poinsettia

*Motto*—Labor Omnia Vincit

### True or False

- 1 Kay Boyle—S. S. and G. (sweet, simple and girlish)
- 2 Barbara Bryant—tennis champ
- 3 Audrey Flower—tall, stately brunette
- 4 Dickie Golick—does nothing but study
- 5 Sally Jane Hayes—very silly
- 6 Marjorie Hoexter—Red head
- 7 Margery Klein—always studying
- 8 Peggy Lepman—French star
- 9 Beryl Rawlings—flunking every exam
- 10 Nan Reid—likes to be young
- 11 Helen Reynolds—Our president
- 12 Jane Rittenhouse—eating all of the time.
- 13 Pat Warfield—would not go south, if you paid her.
- 14 Jane Warren—never primps before classes
- 15 Betty Clarke—You'd better stop this!

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1 True—haven't you heard?</li> <li>2 True</li> <li>3 True—the tall and brunette are correct, but I don't know.</li> <li>4 False—where are those teachers?</li> <li>5 False—Not our Sally!</li> <li>6 False. Are you color blind?</li> <li>7 True—the girl is ever at it.</li> <li>8 What do you think?</li> </ol> | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>9 Impossible!</li> <li>10 True—now that's a queer coincidence!</li> <li>11 Quite true—you know Helen, forever Dickering.</li> <li>12 True—where there's food, there's Jane.</li> <li>13 False</li> <li>14 False</li> <li>15 Too true, too very true.</li> </ol> |
|--|--|

A little bit witty,  
 A little bit sweet,  
 Very pretty and always neat  
 Is our Kay Boyle.



Barbara is our tennis queen  
 And as sweet as she can be;  
 She's the best player ever seen  
 And suits us to a T.



Our little blonde Betty  
 Is very petite,  
 Her puns and her jokes  
 Simply cannot be beat.



Audie is our delicate Flower,  
 Tall as a rose, and sweet as the dew,  
 And over us all she has a power  
 That makes us love her thru and thru.





Although her name (Dickie) sounds boyish  
 She's feminine as can be,  
 Her face is round and toyish  
 Her voice so sweet and wee.



Sally has the common sense  
 The rest of us do lack,  
 But 'way inside is a little nonsense  
 That always leaves a track.



Marge is the midget of our class  
 A Humpty Dumpty she,  
 With her New York drawl  
 She is a cute little lass  
 And as peppy as can be.



Margery is a scholar bright  
 Her marks reveal the trial,  
 She puts us in a sorry plight  
 For her A+'s seem worth while.



A budding genius is this girl  
 An artist that makes your head a-whirl;  
 A poet, too! What more I beg,  
 You know that girl—it's Peg.



Whenever Nan plays basketball  
 She wins the praise of one and all;  
 As a business woman she is a wiz  
 And she gets A on every quiz.



Helen's the top of our class  
 For she's the president, so 'tis said,  
 She's very pretty with a sensible head  
 And a sweet, very amiable lass.



Jane is a lover of popular songs  
 Which have a particular meaning for her;  
 Her clothes are smooth, her manners  
 supreme,  
 In fact, she is a gentleman's dream.





Jean with her smooth-looking clothes,  
 Makes quite a hit with all her beaux;  
 Her generosity we know well  
 And in all other things—we think she's swell.



Pat has a gay and lilting air  
 That is contagious to us all;  
 She is forever on a tear  
 And never within our call.



Jane is our famous athlete  
 She loves every kind of sport,  
 She is so very prim and neat  
 With always a good retort.



I hope you've liked my verses,  
 And I hope I've pleased you all  
 Please don't wish me any curses  
 For I've racked my brain at Kismet's call  
*Beryl Rawlings*

## Chaucer's Cherubs

### OH CHAUCER!

Whan that Septembre called us back to scole,  
There was never more time to play and foole;  
Olde English hadde we to rede  
In Chaucer's prologue of his tale  
About pilgrims welle nyne and twenty  
Of clergy and tradesmen were ther plenty.  
Me thinketh it accordant to stoppe  
Whan that I know the beste is to droppe  
Trying to wryte (and speke) like Chaucer,  
For everichon knowes that I am not a writer.

*Margery Klein*

### ROMANCE

A smalle maiden sate on a day  
And gathered flours in the month of May;  
In the holt came a younge man,  
At the sight of hir he first bigan  
To wolden hir his felawe be;  
Hir trewe knight and a good was he  
And as they hond in hond did wende  
This lyte tale must now ende.

*Marjorie Hoexter*

### SERVICE

Whan that alarme with its sharpe, pierced note  
Rings through mine ear, than as I done my fur coate  
I hasten away in my swifte new De Sota  
To give a lifta to our deare Miss Moulta.

*Pat Warfield*

### SHORT AND SWETE

A parfit, gentil knight to werre did ryde;  
His feithful swerd he bar upon his syde;  
Whan he rood back, the swerd with blood was rede,  
And many a noble werrior was dede.

*Beryl Rawlings*

### NOT TO FOLLOW

Whan I try with ful corage  
To write a poem on this page,  
I tried to choos one thought from the reste  
The one I thought might be the beste;  
But of my work if this is a sample  
I think myself it's a verre poor example.

*Betty Clark*



## Who's Hue?

White is for purity—clear, undyed,  
Black is for lust, hidden deep inside,  
Blue is the color for moods morose;  
The sunset's call is a soft, deep rose;  
Silver, for money, is hard and cold,  
Flashing and dazzling is the metal gold;  
Red is the color implying rage,  
Lavender is lace and sweet old age,  
Pink is a baby, "cuddly" and dear,  
Brown is poverty, misery,—fear.  
Orange is a fire, warm and bright,  
Ivory, a beach, in pale moonlight,  
Tan, a wheat field in the breeze;  
God's favorite, green, is the color of trees—  
Also in Faulkner, for girls of "decorum,"  
Green is the hue of their "un-i-forum"!

*Courtney Ann Reid*



## Midsummer's Nightmare

Listen, my friends, and you shall hear  
Of a midnight dream I had this year:  
It's a tale so old and yet most queer;  
The bell had rung and it was time for fun,  
When all at once amid the clatter  
My name rang out amidst the chatter;  
"Only Freshies," they said in careless fashion;  
I paused and tried to hear some more,  
For how would it seem to be a Sophomore?  
Often the bells have rung since then,  
But I have not paused to count again.  
Then I awoke, the spell was past  
And here I am a Junior at last.

*Jane Rittenbouse*

## A Poet's Confession

Sitten' here a thinkin'  
Wonderin' what to write,  
Gets me sort of weary  
Through the late of night.

Guess I'm not a poet  
To equal Burns or Field,  
But to this year's Kismet  
My "Swan-Song" I do yield.

*Marjorie Hoexter*

## Junior—Who's It?

Ann Erid	Two Timer
Yebtt Akerel	Pleasing to the eye
Nhele Dsyornl	Jo President
Lbrey Sgrlawin	Such nail polish!
Duryea Wlfreo	Our rose
Crasfen Lockig	Baby face
Lasyl Ayhes	Jo Brains
Jamrere Trehoxe	Our shrimp
Garmery Nilek	Ye olde student
Naej Tensourithe	Personality kid
Geppy Mapenl	Madame's pet
Aejn Rawner	White captain
Yak Loybe	Vice President
Neja Nonsensechin	Our recluse
Rabrabe Yabnrt	Old faithful
Tap Dareilwf	Your author

## Little Boy

Come now, little boy, please don't cry;  
I'll always love you until I die.  
Let's go to the kitchen and have a treat,  
With cakes and cookies, so nice to eat.  
When daddy comes home, he'll bring you a toy,  
All wrapped in cellophane for his little boy;  
Then after supper, we'll tell you a story  
Of brave little men who earned some glory;  
Then, my darling, to bed you must go,  
Mummy wants you healthy and she loves you so.

*Jane Warren*

### The 3 R's of 2000 A.D.

*R-r-r-ing* went the alarm clock and awakened its mistress who turned over in her bed to shut it off. She pushed a button beside her bed and was automatically raised in her bed. She glanced around the familiar room and then tore a page off her calendar, tossing it to a cute toy dog; and as the page hit the animal, its mouth opened and down into depths of dogdom went November 25, 2000 A.D.

Dressed and breakfast eaten, she climbed into her aero-auto (a machine capable of flying as a plane or being driven as an automobile) and flew to the school's landing field whence she drove to school, parked her aero-auto (a late 2000 model) in the garage-hangar, and entered the sky-scraper school.

The school was the finest of the age, air-conditioned, wholly modernistic, with a completely outfitted gymnasium, a ballroom, laboratories, and offering every imaginable subject, everything a student could dream of in a school.

Her first study class, at nine o'clock, was History, which was most interesting to her; because she was interested in knowing what went on in the nineteen hundreds: the World War, the Depression, President Roosevelt, and Italy's war with Ethiopia.

Spelling was easy enough for a babe, at least so Grandmother said—no doubled letters or confusing syllables (thanks to the Chicago Tribune's efforts back in nineteen thirty-four).

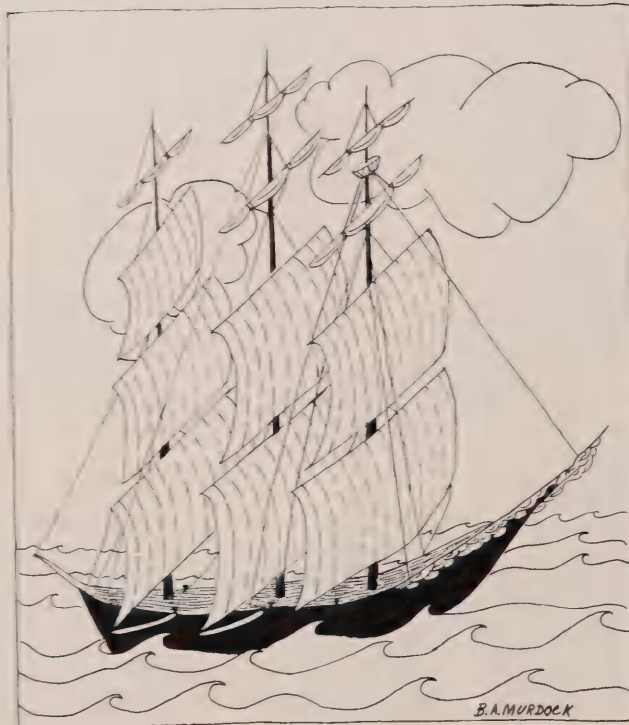
English aroused her curiosity to its greatest extent. Poor Shakespeare, how could he *ever* write such wonderful classics (yes, they were still considered as such) in those primitive surroundings? Now, any author could jump into his aeroplane and fly to the location of his play, poem, or story and write it with everything before him, not with everything stored in his imagination.

At lunch time a mass of the young people jumped into their aero-autos and flew to that cute aeromat in a neighboring town.

Back to work, Mathematics was next on the program. This subject had become more difficult in the past years because the fourth dimension was being taught.

These studies constituted the major part of her school day. The rest of the time was spent in athletics or upon the roof ballroom, where everyone assembled in the latter part of the afternoon. Thus ended the three R's of two-thousand, with no homework forecasted to dominate the evening.

Margery Klein





# SENIOR



## SENIOR CLASS

### OFFICERS

<i>President</i> .....	Berenice Wood
<i>Vice-President</i> .....	Anne MacDougal
<i>Secretary</i> .....	Marjorie Strandberg
<i>Treasurer</i> .....	Catherine Griffin
<i>Athletic Representative</i> .....	Floraloise Altman

*Colors*—Chinese Red and Black

*Motto*—Carpe diem

*Flowers*—American Beauty Roses

## SENIOR STATISTICS

(AS VOTED BY THE CLASS)

	<i>First</i>	<i>Second</i>
Done the most for Faulkner .....	Wood	Wescott
Most dependable .....	Altman	Wescott
Cleverest .....	Weary	Wescott
Most talented .....	Wescott	MacDougal
Most tactless .....	Weber	Eisenstaedt
Best natured .....	Strandberg	Brooks
Most inquisitive .....	Eisenstaedt	Griffin
Best personality .....	Wood	Roberts
Best athlete .....	Strandberg	Roberts, MacDougal
Laziest .....	Neustadt	Amburgh
Biggest bluffer .....	Weber	Amburgh
Best company .....	Wood	Griffin
Silliest .....	Weber	Weary
Best liked .....	Wood	Wescott
Best dressed .....	Weber	Weary
Deepest in love .....	Wood	Weber
Best-all-around .....	Altman	Altman
Most intelligent .....	Wescott	Weary
Most attractive .....	Wood	Roberts
Most reserved .....	Kahn	Epstein
First to get married .....	Griffin	Wood
Most original .....	Weary	Weary

Looks I love to  
my friend Myra  
Pease

## Floraloise Altman

*Freshman*—Philanthropic Committee, Green Hockey Team, Green Basketball Team, Numerals, Athletic Representative, Queen Elizabeth in "The Forks of Dilemma."

*Sophomore*—Philanthropic Committee, Athletic Representative, Small F, Green Hockey Team, Green Basketball Team.

*Junior*—Chairman of Philanthropic Committee, School Basketball Team, Green Hockey Team, Athletic Representative, Large F, Kappa Lambda Epsilon.

*Senior*—Chairman of Philanthropic Committee, Kappa Lambda Epsilon, Associate Editor Year Book, School Hockey Team.

"True eyes, too pure and too honest to disguise the sweet soul shining through them."

"Most dependable," "Best-all-around." Even before looking at the Senior Statistics, everyone knew "Pease" would get these. She's our idea of a stunning, charming girl and a conscientious worker. Whatever we give to Pease to do, we know that it will be done well and satisfactorily. Maybe, you've gathered by now that we all love and admire you, Pease.

## Gloria Amburgh

*Freshman*—Social Committee, F.A.A., Page in "Forks of the Dilemma," Incense Bearer in "Romance of the Willow Pattern."

*Sophomore*—Social Committee, Numerals, Second Green Volley Ball Team, Class Basketball Team.

*Junior*—Social Committee.

*Senior*—Co-Chairman of Social Committee.

"Rich and rare were the gems she wore,  
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore."

Do you know Glo? Well, if you ever see a girl with a smooth smile and an infinite capacity for a sympathetic comment on anything, why that's Glo! We almost forgot, she's turning into a regular dietetics fanatic. Oh well, she can get around pretty well, despite the old saying of "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach."

## Marjorie Brooks

*Freshman*—Student Government Council, F.A.A., Sub on Green Basketball Team, Sub on Class Basketball Team, Anne Hathaway in "Forks of the Dilemma."

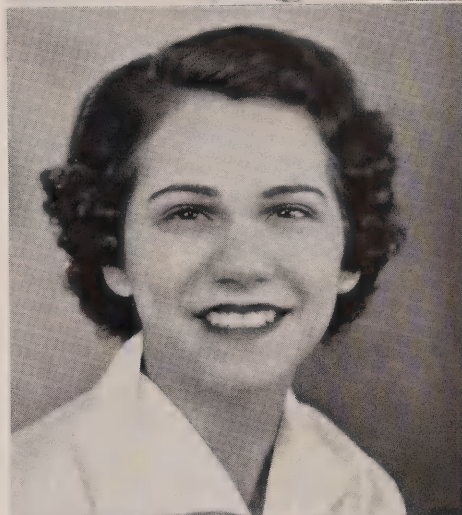
*Sophomore*—Tardiness Committee, Kappa Lambda Epsilon, F.A.A., Numerals, Green Hockey Team, Sub on Class Basketball Team.

*Junior*—Tardiness Committee, F.A.A., Green Hockey Team, Small and Large F, Captain of Green Team, Second School Hockey Team.

*Senior*—Chairman of Tardiness Committee, F.A.A., Sub on Green Hockey Team.

"Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep."

Marjorie is one of those versatile people, who do everything they set out to do, well. She has been in our class ever since kindergarten and we all know and love her. She is one of the outstanding girls of the class and we are sure that she will succeed in whatever she tries to do.





to my fellow walkers.  
 I will miss you next  
 year when I can't walk  
 to dear T. H.S.  
 Love  
 Jean



## Jean Eisenstaedt

*Freshman*—The Mandarin in "Romance of the Willow Pattern."

*Sophomore*—Class Basketball Team, Second Green Volley Ball Team, F.A.A., Green Hockey Team.

*Junior*—Green Volley Ball Team, Second School Hockey Team, Numerals, Small F, Music Committee.

*Senior*—Chairman of Music Committee, School Hockey Team, Green Hockey Team.

"A merry heart goes all the day."

Who's the other red-head in our class, the cute, chubby jolly thing? Yes, dear, that's you. If you want a good person to be gay and silly with, just ring up Jean and you're all set. She's a big asset, too, for whenever we want to sing or dance she's always ready and willing to pound out a tune for us, any time.



## Elise R. Epstein

*Freshman*—Hyde Park High School.

*Sophomore*—Hyde Park High School.

*Junior*—Hyde Park High School.

*Senior*—Social Committee, Literary Committee of Year Book.

"System exercises the mind, but faith enlightens and guides it."

A new girl in our midst and although we haven't known her long, we've all learned to like and admire her very much. However, she's kind of maddening when she crashes through with 95's or 100's in arithmetic drill and we all flunk! But we don't hold it against you, Elise, only respect you a little bit more for it.



## Catherine Griffin

*Freshman*—Kemper Hall, Kenosha, Wisconsin.

*Sophomore*—Social Committee, Class Treasurer, F.A.A.

*Junior*—Social Committee, Class Treasurer.

*Senior*—Secretary of Student Government, Class Treasurer, Editor-in-Chief of Year Book.

"Fie! what a spendthrift she is with her tongue."

"If I could only go to New York!" Why, Kay? There are so many things we could say about Kay, such as she's charming, pretty, sweet, a little crazy at times and then some! However, she does have her troubles and moments of indecision. But hats off to you, Kay-Kay and we hope you get your millionaire.

## Bettie-Rose Kahn

*Freshman, Sophomore and Junior Years at University High School.*

*Senior—Fire Drill Committee, Hockey Team.*

*"Art is power."*

Another new girl and one who has also won our respect and admiration. "Kahnnie" does not say much, but when she does, you may rest assured it's something worth saying. And what a hockey player—"Boy, that gal am good!" We're all for you, Kahnnie, and know you'll make good.

## Anne MacDougal

*Freshman—Vice-President of Class, F.A.A., Numerals, White Hockey Team, Class Basketball Team, Social Committee, Gioconda in "Square Pegs."*

*Sophomore—Vice-President of Class, Social Committee, Class Basketball Team, White Hockey Team, White Basketball Team, Second White Volley Ball Team.*

*Junior—Vice-President of Class, Social Committee, Small and Large F, Class Basketball Team, School Hockey Team, White Hockey Team, Secretary F.A.A., Year Book Board.*

*Senior—Vice-President of Class, Chairman of Order Committee, School Hockey Team, White Hockey Team, Year Book Board.*

*"Some more matter for a May morning."*

Attractive and romantic looking with a faraway look in her eyes. If you've ever seen Anne run down a basketball court or hockey field, you'd see her wonderful ability in athletics and good sportsmanship. She's been in our class for twelve years and she's a swell person. Lots and lots of luck, Annie, and we hope that "Double Trouble" will get untangled soon.

## Lillian Neustadt

*Freshman—Chief Steward of the Castle in "The Forks of the Dilemma."*

*Sophomore—Tardiness Committee.*

*Junior—Tardiness Committee.*

*Senior—Tardiness Committee.*

*"Women carry a beautiful hand with them to the grave."*

Lillian has been with us since kindergarten and we shall all miss her next year. She's had many advantages; such as, a trip to Europe on the "Normandie," and spending much time in Florida. These trips were certainly worth while as we all can see. Leave a few *first editions* for the rest of humanity, Lillian, that's all we ask.





Best of Luck  
 Wishing you a happy  
 year and a happy  
 again. Love, Janice  
 Best of Luck  
 Wishing you a happy  
 year and a happy  
 again. Love, Janice



## Janice Roberts

*Freshman*—Greenwich Academy.

*Sophomore and Junior Years*—Farmington.

*Senior*—Dress and Appearance Committee, Captain of School Hockey Team.

"The devil hath power to assume a pleasing shape."

Fan mah brow, Jan, why, oh why did you have to leave our class for so long? We've certainly missed a lot by not having you with us all through school but we've made the most of you this year. You're a swell "hooter" and that "Bug" of yours has come in right handy—especially during the week around 12:30!

## Marjorie Strandberg

*Freshman*—Secretary of Class, F.A.A., Numerals, White Hockey Team, Class Basketball Team, Fire Drill Committee, Lord Chamberlain in "The Forks of the Dilemma."

*Sophomore*—Secretary of Class, Small F, White and School Volley Ball Team, White Hockey Team, Class Basketball Team, School and White Basketball Team, Fire Drill Committee, Kappa Lambda Epsilon.

*Junior*—Fire Drill Committee, Captain of White Team, White and School Hockey Team, White and School Volley Ball Team, Honor Volley Ball Team, White and School Basketball Team, Class Basketball Team, Large F, Secretary of Class.

*Senior*—Chairman of Fire Drill Committee, White and School Hockey Team, President of F.A.A., Secretary of Class.

"A mother's pride, a father's joy."

Who's that piling up the points for dear old Alma Mater whether in basketball or hockey? Why, no one else but our star athlete, Strandy. Every inch of her is filled with good-nature and kindness (see Senior Statistics). Watch out for her as a future Athletic Director and making a grand success of it.

## Jane Weary

*Freshman*—Tardiness Committee, F.A.A., Kappa Lambda Epsilon, Year Book Board, Chang in "Romance of the Willow Pattern."

*Sophomore*—Tardiness Committee, Kappa Lambda Epsilon, Numerals, Green Hockey Team, Class Basketball Team, Year Book Board.

*Junior*—Business Manager of Kismet, Social Committee, Small and Large F, Green Volley Ball Team, Green Hockey Team, School Hockey Team.

*Senior*—Kappa Lambda Epsilon, Year Book Board, Green Hockey Team, Final Award, Co-Chairman of Social Committee.

"The eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us."

Here is Weary! Some gal—if you want our private opinion. "Most Original" and "Cleverest"—that's Weary. If you know her as well as we do, you would certainly think and agree with us that she's the top and *Whatta brain!* That statement disproves the theory that brainy people haven't got what it takes (personality to you).





## Marjorie Weber

*Freshman*—Social Committee, F.A.A., Green Team, Class Basketball Team, Lord Leicester in "The Forks of the Dilemma."

*Sophomore*—Social Committee, Green Team.

*Junior*—Social Committee, F.A.A., Small F, Sub on Green Hockey Team.

*Senior*—Social Committee, F.A.A., Sub on Green Hockey Team, Chairman of Humor Section on Year Book Board.

"But from the hoop's bewitching round,  
Her very shoe had the power to wound."

"Sophisticated Lady" storming up the steps at 8.29 $\frac{3}{4}$  with a perfect excuse. However, after seven years of waiting for Marge, we just take it in our stride and pay no heed. She also has a "Jimmy complex" although she *does* have her moments of doubt. "I'm so dumb." Did you ever hear that, Marge?

## Marjorie Wescott

*Freshman*—Boyesen School.

*Sophomore*—Order Committee, Year Book Board, Kappa Lambda Epsilon.

*Junior*—Order Committee, Vice-President of Student Government, Year Book Board, Kappa Lambda Epsilon, F.A.A., Queen in "Six Who Pass."

*Senior*—President of Student Government, Year Book Board, Kappa Lambda Epsilon.

"Some are born great, some achieve greatness and others have greatness thrust upon them."

When one speaks of Marcie, one speaks of a grand gal! She holds the highest position in the school and manages teachers and girls alike very successfully. She's also our song bird and in a few years we expect to say that we went to school with "Marjorie Wescott, the well-known opera star." Best wishes in the world from us to you for a lot of success and happiness, Marcie.

## Berenice Wood

*Freshman*—President of Class, Dress and Appearance Committee, Hilda in "Square Pegs."

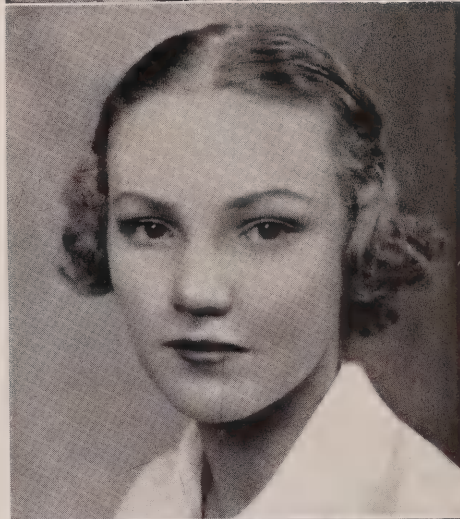
*Sophomore*—President of Class, Student Government Council, Dress and Appearance Committee, F.A.A.

*Junior*—President of Class, Student Government Council, Dress and Appearance Committee, Numerals.

*Senior*—President of Class, Student Government Council, Chairman of Dress and Appearance Committee, Associate Editor of Year Book.

"She's beautiful and therefore to be wooed,  
She is a woman and therefore to be won."

Bee is our dear, beloved President; also she's the "Personality Queen" and the idol of the underclassmen. What's the use of explaining? Just know her as we do and you'll find out why she's the best-liked—and stuff! Incidentally, she's got red hair and a nice, silly giggle, a cute car and a very dear playmate named Pete.



## Tale of a Nail

Then sing, sweet muse of poetry,  
Of terror, love and gaiety;  
Let from your hidden bower fall  
Song in answer to my call.  
And thus I sang to nymph sublime,  
And thus she answered me in rhyme.

### I

When gently fall the winter snows  
On green-banked hills and rosy nose,  
I think of Christmas and the balls;  
And here is one my mind recalls,  
When co-ed Catherine had a date  
And barely missed a direful fate.

### II

Around Kay's bed the sisters stood  
And gazed with wonder as one should  
Upon a lovely gown of lace  
That was to grace our co-ed's face;  
While Katie in a flutter flew  
From eyebrow brush to silver shoe,  
From chiffon hose to silken slip  
To reddening cheek and brightening lip.

### III

But oh, the sisters do grow pale  
And each with fear spies Katie's nail:  
"'Tis split, 'tis split!" each co-ed cries,  
"'Tis split, 'tis split," our lady sighs  
Oh, sad indeed must be her lot!  
For now her beauty bears a blot.

### IV

In circle sad the girls all sit  
With tears that help Kay not a bit,  
For what use now a lovely dress  
Since her hand is such a mess!  
What point now in silver shoe,  
When our heroine feels so blue?

### V

Now stands Hope outside the door  
Smiling still, and what is more,  
In her hands she holds good news  
For co-eds with the blues;  
Up to Kay she proudly sails  
With ten artificial nails!

### VI

But Kay, be careful when you dance,  
That you neither skip nor prance,  
Don't get gay now if you please,  
And 'twould be better not to sneeze,  
Don't shake hands or start to cough  
For those nails may still fall off.

### VII

Ten minutes soon, soon are past  
And Kay is ready now at last;  
Down the stairs she gaily flies  
With twinkling feet and starry eyes  
To her now impatient date,  
For she is only an hour late!

*Anne MacDougal*

## Reflections

For years I dreamed when I should be  
A Senior, happy, filled with glee;  
But now to me the time's arrived  
I feel a little sad inside,  
To think of leaving  
Old friends and teachers, too,  
And treading college paths so very new.

*Gloria Amburgh*

## Nighthawk

How it would creak  
And then would squeak,  
When suddenly, bam!  
The door would slam;  
When in I creep  
With the house asleep,  
At the break of dawn  
With all hope gone.

*M. Strandberg*

## Famous Last Words

Miss Faulkner: "The teachers will now pass out."  
Miss Moulton: "Nate-yoor is the best teet-yoor."  
Miss Canfield: "Higglety-pigglety, pish posh!"  
Janny: "Oh, I'm so embarrassed."  
Glo: "I heard the funniest thing."  
Marge: "I just had a fight with—."  
Kay: "Long live the Army!"

*J. Weary*

## Faulkner School Data, 1936

Best Athlete	Lillian Neustadt
Most Efficient	Susannah McKibben
Wittiest	Sophomore Class
Best Bluffer	Sally Hayes
Freshest	Betty Coe Hubbard
Bossiest	Marjorie Strandberg
Teachers' Pet	Marjorie Weber
Most Angelic	Pat Warfield
Meekest	Jane Weary
Most Talkative	Kay Boyle
Most Studious	Esther Ranney
Peppiest	Bettie-Rose Kahn
Most Fragile	Anne Nicholson
Fattest	Elise Epstein
Least Co-operative	Marjorie Wescott
Sweetest Tempered	Gloria Amburgh

*Gloria Amburgh*



## Her Diary

If anyone had ever discovered the hiding-place, under the false bottom of a mirrored powder-box on sixteen-year-old, curly-haired Patty Steele's dressing table, he would have found a small gold key. If he had known that this little key unlocked the blue leather diary in the top right pigeon-hole of her desk, and had read the neat printing on the pages relating from Monday, November 2, to Monday, November 8, he would have found the following lines:

November 2

"Terrible day at school. Each teacher crabbed entire class period—shouldn't expect anything different, though, I guess. They're always that way on Monday. What are week-ends for, if you can't forget about Cicero, Galileo and the Wars of the Crusades, and have some fun? Studied during assembly as usual. Dave came over this aft and brought Ross Moore. Ross has a new Packard roadster that's simple smooth. Wish he'd ask me for a date. Dad got bill today from Taylor's and asked why I didn't wear one of the fifteen pairs of shoes in my closet. Said he was sure I went around in stocking feet to wear out a pair of silk stockings each day—doesn't seem to understand that they get runs so easily—and a girl just can't wear those heavy old service things.

November 3

Terrible math exam.—Probably flunked—Lecture at assembly by Miss Day, saying she expected every girl at "Miss Wilhelmina Day's School for Girls" to improve her time over the week-end. I couldn't think of many improvements to make after two orchids and that smooth club dance Saturday night. Told Mom that I just won't wear that awful old blue crepe next Friday and that I simply have to have a new formal. Said she'd see. . . . Jimmie Dale called and asked me to go riding Sunday morning. Have to have my jodhpurs cleaned. Jimmie looks terribly cute in a riding habit, even if he is awfully thin, and has red hair. Can't do my math!?!

November 4

Got a C in math. Won't tell Dad till after I get my formal. He'll have a fit. . . . Turned my ankle at hockey today. Hurts a little, but went down town to try on formals. Got an adorable green taffeta, one with gold sandals to go with it. Started homework at nine o'clock. Dave came over, 'cause Millie told him about my ankle. Didn't finish homework till eleven. They give us too much. Ankle kind of swollen tonight.

November 5

Sue Cary came to school with curly bangs. They look funny on her because her forehead's so low—Tried them on myself this aft and they look pretty cute. Got out of playing hockey on account of my ankle. All over at Betty Abner's trying to play bridge.—Betty's mother found out she smokes and won't let her have a date for three weeks. I think that's mean.—After all, Betty is sixteen now. . . . Phil Lawson called and said he'd be around at nine tomorrow night.—Hope he wears his tails.

November 6

Miss Humphreys told me that if my math didn't improve in the next week, I'd have to come back in the afternoons—O Death!! . . . Letter from Sally West—wants me to come down for Christmas vacation—says her brother, Bob, has seen my picture and is dying to meet me. . . . Had my hair done this aft. . . . Phil came at nine-thirty—wore his tails—didn't send flowers, but I like him anyway. Went double with Millie and Tom. Millie looked awfully cute. Everyone thought my green taffeta was stunning. Swell time—lots of stags—home at two-thirty.

November 7

Didn't get up till late. Millie and I went down town—shopped and had lunch—went to the matinee—saw "Sacrifice for Sin." Olga Le Marr wore the most beautiful clothes I've ever seen. Met Mother afterwards and went to the Arts tea. An orchid, dinner, and dancing with Dave in the Crystal Room of the Berkley.—Said we'd probably be married as soon as he's out of college, and we might as well be. After all, there's no one I care more about than Dave. . . . Wonder why that cute Ross Moore hasn't called yet.

November 8

Ankle very swollen but went riding, anyway.—Jimmie came home to dinner—always loses his tongue in front of Mother and Dad—and so never makes a good impression.—But after all he *is* only eighteen and still kind of “high-schoolish”—Ross Moore came just after Jimmie left.—Took me riding in that smoothie car and then to the movies—We saw Norma Harding in “Unveiled Passions”—wish my eyelashes were half as long as hers.—Ross held my hand.—Dave, Millie and Tom at home when we got back—all had cold chicken and mince pie—Turned on the radio and we danced. They stayed till eleven.

Haven’t done my home work, oh, but they can’t expect us to work *all* week-end.—Besides my ankle’s swollen almost to the size of a football; so mother’ll most likely keep me home tomorrow. Wish Dave and Ross weren’t both so darling—Good night!!”

*Marjorie Wescott, '36*

## A Song Symposium

“I Couldn’t Believe My Eyes”	Exam questions
“Heavenly Thing”	Recess
“The Girl With the Dreamy Eyes”	Jane Weary
“I’ve Got a Feeling You’re Fooling”	Gloria
“The Music Goes Round and Round”	Singing Time
“We’re in the Army Now”	Kay Griffin
“You Are My Lucky Star”	A’s
“Top Hat”	Prom
“Isn’t It a Lovely Day”	Beginning of vacation
“Sleepy Head”	Monday morning
“Night and Day”	Studying
“I Wished on the Moon”	Exam time
“Accent on Youth”	Freshmen
“A Fool In Love”	Sophomores
“Restless”	Juniors
“Sophisticated Lady”	Seniors
“Double Trouble”	Anne MacDougal
“Trucking”	Bee’s and Janie’s cars
	<i>Altman and Wood</i>

(This evening)

“About a Quarter to Nine”

“My Darling”:

“Every day,” “When Shadows Fall,” “I Think of You.” “Thanks a Million” for the “Rhythm and Romance” at the “Dark Town Strutters Ball.” “I’ve Got a Feeling You’re Foolin’ ” but anyway “You Are My Lucky Star” so please be “Simple and Sweet.”

“Remember,”

“You Have Taken My Heart” and “I Love You Truly.”

“Margie”







## History of the Class of 1936

Thirteen years ago our class consisting of the following girls: Floraloise Altman, Betty Cheney, Marjorie Brooks, Joan Goodwillie, Marion Jernberg, Anne MacDougal, Lillian Neustadt, Betty Thorpe (now Mrs. Calvin Dort), and Jane Smart, were little girls in the Kindergarten, attentively listening to Miss Georgene's Fairy Tales, which we all loved and, in fact, still do.

In the next year, 1924, Janice Roberts and Catherine Griffin joined our ranks in time to enter Miss Austin's first grade, where we, at first bewildered, enjoyed ourselves. All the artistic ability that we have, should be attributed to Miss Bacon's inspiration and instruction at this time.

In 1925 Berenice Wood and in 1926 Marjorie Strandberg came into our class but we lost, to an advanced class, Betty Cheney and Marion Jernberg. In third and fourth grades we were fascinated by Mrs. Philip's English accent, when she tried to make us say "b-ee-n."

In 1927 we lost Berenice Wood and Catherine Griffin but in 1928 we gained Gloria Amburgh; and in 1929, Jean Eisenstadt, Marjorie Weber and Berenice Wood, again. Also in 1930 came Thelma Mae Maremont, Sue Perkins, Caroline Walker and Jane Weary. We felt very grown up as we found ourselves in seventh grade with all the "big" girls. Our Intermediate day were happy and we entered High School with a confident feeling that we were well prepared in every branch.

Some changes in the personnel of our class had been effected by this time: for in 1931 we gained Catherine Griffin but lost Joan Goodwillie and Betty Thorpe; and in 1932 we lost Catherine Griffin and Sue Perkins, while in 1933 Catherine Griffin returned but Jane Smart left. Also, in 1933 Marjorie Wescott joined our ranks, while in 1935 we lost Thelma Mae Maremont. In 1935 we gained assets in the shape of Elise Epstein, Janice Roberts and Bettie-Rose Kahn.

As we look back, the things we worked and slaved for, which seemed hard at the time, are the things we remember most, and think of our days at the Faulkner School as the happiest years of our life.

*F. Altman*

*M. Brooks*

## Senior Class Prophecy—1936

It was the year 1943. After having been presented at court in London, I had become one of London's better-known social butterflies, and as a climax, I had hooked Edward, the Prince of Wales.

For our honeymoon, he had bought a beautiful square-rigged sailing boat and we planned a cruise around the world. We were to be gone a year. I rebelled at first because I thought it would be a bit hard on my fragile beauty, but Edward said, "Well, old thing, all you've got to do is to get yourself a lady's maid."

So I went to all the agencies. Finally, I encountered one of my old classmates at Faulkner, none other than Marg Weber. She had been reduced to penury because a certain person was still at Bryant and Stratton's. She had a dog with her named Ruff, old and wizened, and with a white beard. I engaged Marge at once and off we sailed.

We were not very far out when we found that Marge was in love again and had married the first mate.

Our first stop was at Paris. Eddie and I went to "Le Chat Noir," that famous night club, because we heard so much about a dance team there called "Jeannise and Gustav."

I nearly died with excitement when I saw them, for it was none other than Janice Roberts! Her partner was a tall, slender blond boy whom she called "Gus."

We took a little side trip to the Olympic Games, where I saw Jean Eisenstaedt breaking all records for 100 yard dashes and pole vaulting.

Then we started for the Mediterranean Sea. We passed by the Rock of Gibraltar, which I was scanning with my binoculars, when I was startled by sight of Elise Epstein sitting on the top of the rock trying to find some solitude so that she could work out a formula on "How They Do It at Hyde Park."

We made a short trip up the Rhone River to Arles, where I heard Bettie-Rose Kahn giving lectures on the cathedral there. She had received all kinds of degrees for her outstanding knowledge of Art History. She told me that she owed it all to Miss Canfield.

As we sailed back to the Mediterranean, we met a huge fleet having some sort of a celebration. The boats, decorated with flags and streamers, were shooting off cannon. I later learned that they were celebrating the birthday of the sweetheart of the Navy, Bee Wood. I tried to see her, but she was always doing something with one of the "bunch"; so I gave up in despair.

One day we almost had a mishap. A huge steam yacht loomed up on our star-board. Eddie was at the helm, and quickly swung the schooner to port. As it was, the side of our ship was bumped a little, but not seriously. Both boats stopped and the owner of the other boat leaned over to apologize. It was Mr. Vanderbilt-Astor and beside him was Gloria Amburgh, his latest wife. She saw me and yelled.

"I told you I'd marry a millionaire!"

We invited them aboard, and Marge, Glo and I talked for hours about all our pals. Glo told us that Pease was still in Chicago. She had married the most eligible bachelor there and they are the proud parents of five strapping children.

Our next stop was Egypt. I had always wanted to see the famous pyramids; so Edward rented camels and we went exploring. One of the few untouched pyramids was being explored. It was fascinating to watch the black boys carrying out all the priceless relics. When I asked one of them who his boss was, I was told that it was the Strandberg-Brooks Expedition. This combination of names seemed strangely familiar to me. I was wondering where I had heard it, when two girls, one tall and one short, came

tearing up. Of course, it was the two Marjories. They were all sun-tanned and looked stunning in white linen backless shorts and pith helmets. They wanted Eddie and me to stop in for something cooling at their villa on the Nile, where they are famous for their hospitality, but we had to refuse because the tide would be soon going out and our ship with it.

The next place where we disembarked was Constantinople. We were walking through a dark, incense-filled street, when I bumped into a veiled woman. When she saw me, she let down her veil with a cry of surprise. Immediately I saw it was Lillian Neustadt. I asked her why she was dressed that way and she told me that she was tracking down first editions of sacred Moslem books and that she had to disguise herself so as not to cause suspicion. Then she said that she thought she was being followed, and bidding us a quick good bye, she tucked up her veil and hurried away down the narrow street.

Then we set sail for Shanghai. The trip was terribly long and we were all a little the worse for wear, when we finally sailed into the harbor. After a few days of languishing in hot tubs, Marge and I recuperated enough to go on daily tours in rickshas through the city.

One day in a little grocery shop, we met Kay Griffin doing her marketing. She rushed up to us and asked us what on earth we were doing in Shanghai. We told her of our travels and about all the old girls we had seen. She told us that she had married a Major who was stationed in Shanghai. She said it was a hard life and she did not know what she would have done without Marcy Wescott and Anne MacDougal. She told us that they were not married yet because they both were still having double trouble and could not make up their minds. They were running a school for Chinese children. Marge and I were dying to see them; so I asked Kay to bring them up to the hotel for tea next day. We had a grand time reminiscing about the old days at Faulkner.

The next morning Edward told me that he really had to get back to England as his duties were imperative. So Marge and I bade a fond farewell to our friends and with tearful promises to write to each other, we boarded a trans-continental clipper air-plane and headed for London and perhaps new adventures.

*Jane Weary*



## Faulkner Calendar for 1935-36

- September 23—Reception: new faces, old faces, refreshments, programs, annual Senior "hoot."
- September 24—Orgy begins.
- September 25—Orgy goes on and on.
- October 12, 1492—Columbus discovers America.
- November 1—Hallowe'en Party in Gay 90's style.
- November 22—Hockey victory over the girls from Latin school (probably just slumming it).
- November 27—Faulkner becomes Ballet Conscious (Russian Ballet influence).
- November 13—Student Government elections, "Marcie" Wescott, Kay Griffin, and Sally Hayes run away with the honors of President, Vice-President, and Secretary, respectively.
- November 20—Installation of Student Government officials with the usual "flowery" tribute.
- November 27—Thanksgiving vacation.
- November 28—Thanksgiving.
- November 31—What certain Junior was seen at the "three-way" party with Chicago's Captain Jay?
- December 4—Kay announces "Gibby's" arrival.
- December 6—J. D. W. finally weakens in favor of the stronger set.
- December 8—J. D. W. "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling."
- December 11—Nine days until Christmas vacation.
- December 12—192 hours until Christmas vacation.
- December 13—10,080 minutes until Christmas vacation.
- Friday 13—Love's young dream hits a sour note—Marge and James HAMILTON. Senior Chapel—"Integer Vitae." Christmas Party.
- December 23—Junior Prom and stuff.
- December 25—Merry Christmas.
- December 30—Alumnae Tea.
- December 31—Flash-Flash—an outstanding Senior, red-headed, receives blows, etc., as a New Year's greeting from her equally outstanding "love."
- January 1, 1936—Happy New Year!
- January 6—Flunkers bright and happy return.
- January 7—Kay appears with various paraphernalia representing the army.
- January 8—Janice gets embarrassed.
- January 9—Janice gets embarrassed.
- January 10—Janice gets embarrassed.
- January 13—"It's just insane"—bright saying and coöperation department.
- January 23—Greens versus Whites—volley ball game—Whites victorious.
- January 25—Greens versus Whites. Whites victorious; luck appears to have deserted the Irish.
- February 12—Exams!
- February 13—Exams!
- February 14—Exams!! Valentine Party.
- February 20—What certain Junior received 100 gardenias from an unknown Prince Charming.
- February 21—Puppet show given by the Eighth Grade.
- February 25—F.A.A. initiation.
- February 27—Boy Meets Girl. Betty unravels mystery of her evasive admirer.

*Gloria Amburgh.*

## Last Will and Testament of the Senior Class

We, the Class of 1936, being of unsound mind, as always, do hereby design, after Patou, this our last will, for the week, and our unstable testament:

To the students, we the notorious Class of 1936, wish to bequeath our nervous-break-down-studious habits with the hope that the said sad habits will enable them to pass at least *once* a year.

To Betty Ann Cohn, Jean Eisenstaedt bequeaths her ability to play the piano.  
To Genevieve Bernstein, Bettie-Rose Kahn gives her athletic prowess.  
To Dorothy Pick, Marjorie Brooks wills her height.  
To Audrey Flower, Lillian Neustadt gives and bequeaths her anaemic fingernails.  
To Dickie Golick, Kay Griffin gives her cadets and medals.  
To Esther Ranney, Pease Altman wills her scholarly ability in French.  
To Beryl Rawlings, Jan Roberts bequeaths her embarrassment.  
To Susannah McKibben, Glo Amburgh leaves her sweet temperament.  
To Jane Warren, Elise Epstein gives her ability to play hockey and volley ball.  
To Esther Ranney, Marcie Wescott wills her Dalcroze achievement.  
To Susannah McKibben, Anne MacDougal gives her "Double Trouble."  
To those who feel the need for one, Marjorie Strandberg bequeaths her locker.

To the highest bidder, Bee Wood yields her white shoes, with the hope that someone will get some use out of them.

To Miss Elizabeth Faulkner, Marge Weber and Jane Weary leave their splendid school spirit and sense of coöperation, with the sincere hope that she may be able to use it for some of her "up and coming" little rebels.

We hereby nominate and appoint the Junior Class, Heavenly Constellations of The Faulkner School, of Chicago, Illinois, Executrices of this Will. Dated March 1, 1936.

The above and Foregoing Instrument was on the day and date therefore signed, sealed with chewing gum, published, and declared by the said Testatrices, the non compos mentis Senior Class, as and for their Last Will and Testament (which can be deciphered), in the presence of us, who, at their request and in the presence of each other (for once) have hereunto subscribed.



*Elizabeth Faulkner*

Residing at

*Chicago, Illinois*

*Seba Moulton*

Residing at

*Chicago Illinois*

## To the Sleeper

By what cool waters do you rest  
And drop your worries down  
Far from the noise of city life  
The tumult of the town?

By what soft breezes are you blown  
And gently led astray?  
Through what bright meadows do you roam  
With snow-white lambs at play?

Or do you rest a tired head  
Where mossy banks are seen  
With giant pine trees high above  
A canopy of green?

Through magic vales a sleeper walks  
By castles all unknown:  
Are they of gold or silver wrought  
Or ordinary stone?

*Anne MacDougal, '36*





# ACTIVITIES





Catherine Griffin

Marjorie Wescott

Sally Hayes

### Student Government Elections

On Wednesday morning, November 13, 1935, we voted on the all important question of President, Vice-President and Secretary of Student Government. The nominees were Marjorie Wescott for President, Catherine Griffin for Secretary, and Sally Hayes for Vice-President.

They were all duly elected and I feel sure, from our cheers, that they know we are glad that we elected them.

*Bee Wood*



Class Presidents

### COMMITTEES

#### Dress and Appearance Committee

##### Fashion Notes:

The young Faulkner school girl wore this year a green skirt with a plain white or green shirt or sweater, low-heeled shoes, no make-up and *no bright red* finger nail polish. Some of the girls also wore a green jumper dress, although this was not required.

A few of the Seniors insisted upon wearing no stockings and white golf shoes. Although they seemed rather out of style during certain days of this cold weather, they were very comfortable, and after all, comfort is essential.

The committee wishes to thank the girls for their splendid coöperation and also that the nail polish remover has not *entirely* vanished.

Bee Wood, *Chairman*

Janice Roberts

Mary Dean

Beryl Rawlings

Doris Jean Kimball

## Music Committee

This year, since "variety is the spice of life," we have had an entirely different Musical Appreciation Class. Instead of meeting every Wednesday morning, we now meet once a month on Wednesday to attend a series of musical talks by Mr. and Mrs. Oberndorfer. The girls, as well as parents and teachers, have enjoyed these lectures and appreciate the efforts and generosity of Mr. and Mrs. Oberndorfer in thus contributing to our musical appreciation.

The following programs have been and will be given during the year:

What We Hear When We Listen to Music  
Music and Geography  
Great Christmas Music  
Music and History  
The Music of Washington and Lincoln  
Music and Literature  
Music and Art (with stereopticon)

On Thursday we have our work in singing as usual, under the guidance of Mrs. Baker.

Jean Eisenstaedt, *Chairman*  
Peggy Lepman  
Shirley Burton  
Ann Lee Brady

## Philanthropic Committee

The Committee was organized again this year, when school opened. Through the efforts of this committee, we have secured the following:

\$60 in Red Cross Call.

Every girl gives five cents a week to the Community fund.

Several of the girls sewed baby garments for the Red Cross.

The Philanthropic Committee sent two representatives to each meeting of the Red Cross. In these meetings, the representatives learned of the wonderful accomplishments of the Organization.

Respectfully submitted,  
Floraloise Altman, *Chairman*  
Jane Weary  
Barbara Bryant  
Jane Ellerd  
Anne Nicholson  
Marjorie Blair

## Tardiness Committee

The same rules used last year were voted upon and approved this year, with the exception of a new one; namely, that only three legitimate car excuses a year may be excused.

So far, even with impossible weather conditions, we have had ninety tardinesses, fifty-six of which the committee believed excusable.

Thanking the girls for their coöperation, we hope the good work goes on.

Marjorie Brooks, *Chairman*  
Lillian Neustadt  
Sally Hayes  
Courtney Reid  
Betty Ann Murdock



## Order Committee

With very few changes, the Order Committee for 1935 kept the rules of last year. Money was collected for fines and also \$1.75 from a private selling of a deserted hockey stick. An auction of articles unclaimed in the pound, will probably be held later in the year.

Anne MacDougal, *Chairman*  
Katherine Mae Boyle  
Jane Warren  
Marjorie Hoexter  
Priscilla George  
Libby McKey  
Marguerite Boyle

## Fire Drill Committee

At last being "Ye Honored Chairman" of this committee, I have the privilege of writing a report of our fire drills. The girls have been most helpful during the drills which, though few so far, have resulted in clearing the building in record time. Once again, we had no Fireman as witness to our speedy and effective clearance, but cheer up—we may have when we least expect it.

Marjorie Strandberg, *Chairman*  
Bettie-Rose Kahn  
Margery Klein  
Pat Warfield  
Ruth Panama  
Dorothy Pick  
Catherine Strandberg

## Social Committee

As usual, the social events of Student Government began with the Hallowe'en party done in the Gay 90's style for variety's sake. The Sophomores won the prize for the best stunt and Catherine Strandberg was judged as having the cleverest costume. Refreshments consisted of cider and taffy apples.

Entertainment at the Christmas party was provided by Mlle. Brochery's Intermediate Classes and Mrs. Burgess' Dalcroze classes. After the tableaux, ice-cream was served in the Domestic Science Rooms.

We wish to thank everyone for coöperation and interest.

Respectfully submitted,

Gloria Amburgh }  
Jane Weary } *Co-Chairmen*  
M. Weber  
B. Clark  
A. Flower  
J. Rittenhouse  
H. Reynolds  
M. Wharton  
R. Blair  
E. Epstein  
P. Harsha

## SOCIAL EVENTS

### THE OPENING RECEPTION

Old Girls! New Girls! Alumnae! Teachers! Thus began the new year with the reception on September 23. Everyone conversed about her summer days and with a "How do you do, I'm so glad to meet you," or "Well, if it isn't—" the spirited remarks and greetings went on.

The now high and mighty Seniors ushered their charges, either a Freshman or a new girl, to and fro, making the necessary introductions and arrangements. All are glad to see their old friends and glad to meet the new additions to their respective classes.

After the many greetings and talks snatched with the different teachers, we go into the dining room and enjoy ice cream and cookies and more Talk. Then home, "early to bed and early to rise," to begin the new year which we do not despise.

*Jean Eisenstaedt*

### Halloween Party

"Surprise," shouted the social committee to our astonished faces one day in October,—"The annual Hallowe'en revel will be a "gay 90's party" and you must dress accordingly. We did. Results: Miss Faulkner looking glamorous in black velvet with a "Mae West" hat, and Dickie Golick looking like a quaint old picture of a proper young lady and Catherine Standberg winning the first prize in Lutheran Minister costume.

The stunts were actually amusing this season. Seniors had a shadowplay and Marjorie Wescott sang. Juniors had a hair-raising mystery drama about a boss and a secretary,—Sophomores won the prize with their little presentation of a real melodrama,—villain 'n' everything. The freshmen, however, went syncopated on us and acted out popular tunes of the day. Then with some singing and dancing and a moistening of our panting throats with swigs of cider; and victuals consisting of marvelous doughnuts, we satisfied our hunger and went home. (Some didn't go right home, though!)

*Kay Griffin*

### The Christmas Party

The annual Christmas party was given on Friday afternoon, December the twenty-first, in the gymnasium. We were greeted, on entering the gym, by the huge Christmas tree beautifully decorated and surrounded with many toys, games and dolls that, later, were to delight the children at Fellowship House.

The entertainment consisted of a Pantomime given by the girls in Mademoiselle Brochery's French class, followed by a tableau presented by the Dalcroze class under Mrs. Burgess' direction.

Afterwards there was dancing in the gymnasium, followed by refreshments in the Domestic Science Room. Finally the party broke up to the tune of "Merry Christmas" and "Happy New Year!"

*Marjorie Brooks*

## The Junior Prom

The Junior Prom was held at the Chicago Beach Hotel on Monday, December twenty-third, 1935.

At nine o'clock all present gathered to dance to the delightful music furnished by Duke Howe's orchestra. Punch and cookies which everyone enjoyed at small tables were served between dances.

At eleven o'clock the floor was cleared for Sue McKibben, who presented her exotic toe dance followed by the "singing trio," Dickie Golick, Jane Warren and Pat Warfield. The dance closed with the star of the evening, Grant Atkinson, proving worthy of the title of Fred Astaire.

The music stopped at one o'clock. All agreed that the prom had been a most successful one—And so—the perfect commencement.

*A. MacDougal*

## Commencement

June again and Commencement! Down aisles, between smiling relatives and friends, the graduates march with their flower girls. Then an inspiring speech by Dr. Thomas Pender, the new minister of St. James M. E. Church, and songs by Mrs. Baker. Then the flower girls march with arms filled with tea roses and sprays of blue delphinium. Diplomas are given and everyone hurries over to the reception at the gymnasium, which has turned into a summer wonderland of silvery trees, blue lights and flowing streamers. ful one.

*Helen Reynolds*





## Dramatics

### "THE TOUCHSTONE"

The Little Boy .....	Priscilla George
The Fool .....	Mary Dean
The Mummer .....	Sally Hayes
The Merchant .....	Rilla Blair
The King .....	Esther Ranney

Under the able direction of Mr. Nourse, the Freshman Class gave this little play concerning the quest of the "Touchstone." This stone was supposed to be everything that was wonderful, including ability to change poverty to riches, and since the eyesight of the little boy's mother was impaired, the restoration of her sight was what the little boy ardently desired. He is told about the stone, first from the merchant and then from the mummer. Later, when the King and Fool arrive upon the scene and the king falls asleep, the boy tells his story to the Fool, who, when the boy is not looking, changes the beads that the boy has been stringing for the royal rubies, and disappears smiling triumphantly.

As can be guessed, the boy opens his eyes and discovers the jewels, then rushes off the stage shouting to his mother that he has found the "Touchstone."

*Mary Dean*

### "Charming Leander"

The second of the three plays presented by the Diction Class under Mr. Nourse's direction on the evening of May 18 was Theodore de Banville's light, sparkling comedy, "Charming Leander." The entire cast of the play consists of the crafty Leander (Susannah McKibbin), the object of this young man's affections, Columbine (Marjorie Hoexter) and her irritable father, Orgon (Sally Hayes). The plot concerns Leander's attempts to win Columbine's money, even if he has to go as far as marrying her. The only conflict to his ambitious plans is the willingness of her father to marry her off. Each refuses to deprive the other of her. The whole affair is finally settled when Columbine announces that she intends to become Leander's bride.

*Sally Hayes*

### "THE ROMANCERS"

Sylvette Pasquinot .....	Audrey Flower
Percinet Bergamin .....	Beryl Rawlings
Bergamin (his father) .....	Anne Nicholson
Pasquinot (her father) .....	Barbara Bryant
Strafforel No. 1 .....	Susannah McKibbin
Strafforel No. 2 .....	Marjorie Hoexter

"The Romancers" by Edmond Rostand has all the romantic setting suited to such a play: a garden, a wall, flowers and need I say more?

Sylvette, daughter of Pasquinot, is in love with Bergamin's son, Percinet. The two fathers pretended to be enemies in order to make the setting more enticing for their two romantic children to fall in love. When the proper time came, the two fathers devised the plan of having a fake abduction. They called in Strafforel, a professional abductor, and his men to do the job. They decided on having an elaborate abduction with masks, dark mantles, torches, music, and a sedan chair. It ends in the usual fashion: the heroine screams, the hero rushes in and drives off several men in order to rescue his loved one, the girl practically swoons into her lover's arms, the two fathers make up and every one lives happily forever and ever, according to form.

*Beryl Rawlings*



# Athletics

## Athletic Board

### OFFICERS

#### *President*

Marjorie Strandberg

#### *Vice-President*

Katherine Mae Boyle

#### *Secretary-Treasurer*

Frances Golick

#### *Class Representatives*

*Senior*—Floraloise Altman

*Junior*—Jane Rittenhouse

*Sophomore*—Rilla Blair

*Freshman*—Caroline Camp

#### *Team Captains*

##### *Green Team*

Courtney Ann Reid

##### *White Team*

Jane Warren

## The Faulkner Athletic Association

The Faulkner Athletic Association is an organization for the girls. Every girl in the Academic department is placed on a team, either Green or White, and upon earning one hundred points, is admitted as a member of the Athletic Association. The representatives are chosen by the different classes, and the officers are elected by the Association. These officers, together with team captains and the physical director, constitute the athletic board.

The point system is used in order to keep track of the distribution of awards. Points may be earned: by taking dalcroze, 25 points a year; making teams, class team or school team; and by keeping health charts regularly and truthfully.







First row: C. Reid, J. Roberts, J. Warren.  
Second row: F. Altman, M. Strandberg, P. Lepman.  
Top row: J. Rittenhouse, A. Nicholson, S. Hayes, A. MacDougal, B. R. Kahn.

## HOCKEY

<i>Greens</i>	<i>Whites</i>
Goal Guard—M. Hoexter (sub) B. Clark	A. Nicholson
R. Full back—J. Eisenstadt	B. R. Kahn
L. Full back—P. Lepman	M. Klein
R. Half back—K. Boyle	S. Hayes
L. Half back—J. Rittenhouse	M. Strandberg
C. Half back—F. Golick	M. Blair
Right Wing—F. Altman	H. Reynolds
Right Inner—J. Weary (sub) M. Brooks	C. Camp
Center forward—J. Roberts	P. Meadows
Left Inner—N. Reid	A. MacDougal
Left Wing—M. Dean	J. Warren

## HOCKEY

One of the biggest moments in the history of our dear A. Mater occurred on November 22, 1935 A.D. *We won a hockey game from the Latin School!*

The hallowed ground of the frantic struggle was Jackson Park. Our tense tummies nearly gave way when Anne Nicholson practically didn't make an appearance, but when she finally showed up, in full battle regalia, we all heaved a sigh of relief, and our team took their places against the enemy.

At first, our Team was rather clumsy in their ski-pants, but as the fight progressed, our drawers showed their supremacy over the drawers of the enemy.

The excitement and spirit were greatly increased by the cheering, catcalling, guffawing and swearing of the spectators.

When our team finally held their opponents at 4 to 1, the enemy strung up their white flag, and the heroines of the battle were borne back to the institute on the shoulders of their fellow strugglers. We then indulged in a bacchanalian orgy of food and drink which we urged the vanquished foe to attend. Then, too full to move, tired but happy and footsore and weary, we all trudged home.

J. Weary

## F.A.A. Initiation 1936

First, the poor suckers who had paid their buck, were blindfolded, their faces covered with flour, and F.A.A. written on their foreheads in lipstick. Then they were led, one at a time, into the gym, in their stocking feet over cracker crumbs and were forced to climb up two benches on to a table and then jump down. Next, they were asked foolish questions like, "Why does a tree leave?" Then they had to perform little stunts like singing, standing on their heads, etc. Courtney McGrath gave a choice imitation of the broadcasting of a horse-race and an ice hockey game. After the initiation, eskimo pies were "wolfed."

The new members are:

Marilyn Wharton	Muriel Taussig
Libby McKey	Rilla Blair
Priscilla George	Elise Epstein
Virginia Heun	Marguerite Boyle
Genevieve Bernstein	Harryett Taxman
Shirley Burton	Doris Kimball
Catherine Strandberg	Bettie-Rose Kahn
Dorothy Pick	Caroline Camp
Courtney McGrath	Anne Nicholson
Betty Hubbard	Janice Roberts



First row: H. Taxman, B. R. Kahn, C. A. Reid  
Second row: J. Roberts, M. Strandberg, P. Lepman  
Top row: M. Dean, S. Hayes, J. Warren



## Volley Ball

### GREENS

F. Altman  
J. Roberts  
V. Heun  
K. Boyle  
P. Lepman  
N. Reid  
F. Golick  
M. Dean  
C. McGrath

### *Subs*

D. Kimball  
B. Clark  
J. Weary

### WHITES

M. Blair  
B. Bryant  
S. Hayes  
B. R. Kahn  
A. MacDougal  
C. Strandberg  
M. Strandberg  
H. Taxman  
J. Warren

### *Subs*

A. Nicholson  
D. Pick

The Whites won four out of six games.

## The Competitive Drill

On March 22, 1935, the regular annual drill was held in the gymnasium. The program was as follows:

- 1 Grand March
- 2 Zouave Drill
- 3 Motor Ability
- 4 Coming Thru the Rye
- 5 Irish Jig
- 6 Ruffty Tuffty
- 7 Black Nag
- 8 Gathering Peascods
- Intermission
- 9 Basketball Game

For the first time in drill history, the Intermediate was included in the program. The Whites won: 21-24.

## The Athletic Banquet

The Athletic banquet was held at the Woman's Club May 24, 1935. Every girl had, for a place card, a specially written poem which had been composed the afternoon before, in some haste, at the Maidrite by Weber, Weary, Booth and Von Hermann who had a serious time thinking up words to rhyme with the various names and were completely floored to think that most of the rhymes suggested were unsuitable for a banquet. Later, in the course of the banquet, speeches were rendered upon terribly strange topics; such as, How To Chew Gum by Miss Georgene and others. The evening was a great "hoot" and was topped off with the news that Betty Thorpe had been married.

Then the awards were given as follows:

<i>Numerals</i>	<i>Large F</i>	<i>Small F</i>	<i>Final Award</i>
M. Weber	F. Booth	J. Eisenstaedt	M. Jernberg
G. Amburgh	B. Cheney	C. A. Reid	P. Cummins
J. Eisenstaedt	A. MacDougal	J. Warren	
B. Clark	M. Brooks	P. Lepman	
F. Golick	F. Altman	J. Rittenhouse	
B. Bryant			
S. J. Hayes			Jane Weary



## Dalcroze

The Dalcroze classes under the supervision of Mrs. Eleanor Harris Burgess offers the girls the opportunity of developing poise and body coordination, to say nothing of its being a liberal education, musically and rhythmically.

The pageant at the Christmas party, having been for the most part built up from the ideas of the members of the class, proved very interesting and individual. The exhibition every spring shows the progress made by the girls from the kindergarten to the age of an academic student, and is greatly enjoyed by the faculty as well as by the parents and friends.

The Dalcroze classes are an outstanding feature of our school, and the importance of the work as a part of every girl's education can not be overestimated.

M. Wescott

# DALCROZE CLASSES

G. Amburgh  
G. Bernstein  
M. Blair  
M. Boyle  
A. Brady  
S. Burton  
C. Camp  
B. Cohn  
J. Ellerd  
E. Epstein  
A. Flower  
F. Golick  
C. Griffin  
P. Harsha  
V. Heun  
B. Hubbard

D. Kimball  
M. Lehmann  
P. Lepman  
C. McGrath  
L. McKey  
P. Meadows  
B. Murdock  
L. Neustadt  
D. Pick  
E. Ranney  
M. Strandberg  
H. Taxman  
M. Taussig  
P. Warfield  
M. Wharton  
M. Wescott







## Honor Society, 1935-1936

### KAPPA LAMBDA EPSILON

Arranged in Order of Membership

Jane D. Weary  
Marjorie Wescott  
\*Margery Ann Klein  
Courtney Ann Reid  
\*Mary Dean  
\*Sally Jane Hayes

Additional Honor Girls in the First Three Terms of 1935-36

\* Elise Epstein  
\* Marjorie Strandberg  
Betty Hubbard  
\* Doris Kimball  
\* Libby McKey

Those marked \* and the following have won Honors in Attitude in the same terms:

Floraloise Altman  
Barbara Bryant  
Virginia Heun  
Helen Reynolds



## The Faulkner Alumnae Association

The annual meeting of The Faulkner Alumnae Association was held at the school on December 30, 1935.

The Secretary's and the Treasurer's reports were read and approved. The Association was gratified with and proud of its donation of \$176.00 to the Scholarship Fund, which was realized from the benefit luncheon and bridge held at the South Shore Country Club in March, 1935. A vote of thanks was extended to Joyce Mundt McClean for her splendid and successful work as Chairman of the affair.

The election for the coming year, 1936-37, was then held. Frances Gethro was elected President, Eugenia Mahan Walker, Vice-President; and Jayne Paulman, Secretary; and Corda Palmer White as Treasurer.

The President, Eugenia Walker, welcomed the Senior Class, whose President, Berenice Wood, pledged the aid and coöperation of the Class of 1936 to the Association.

As there was no further business, the meeting was adjourned to be followed by a social tea and the greetings of many of the former members of the Association as well as many active ones.

Respectfully submitted,

*Mary Jane Pulver, Secretary*

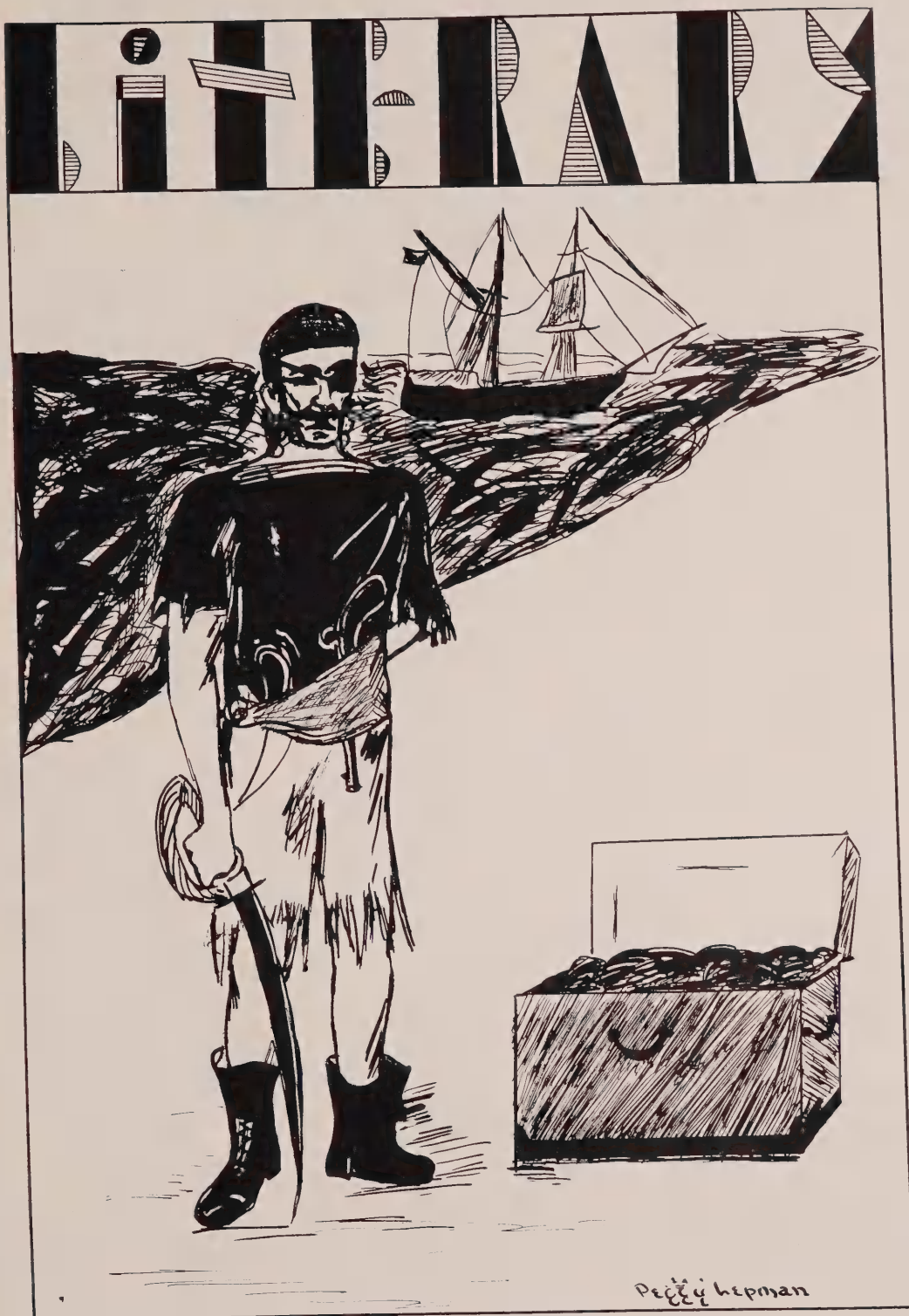
## 1934

- Eva Leah Berman, Goucher (1934-).
- Ruth Braudy, Edgewood Park Junior College (1934-35); University of Chicago (1935-).
- Catherine Brenner, Morgan Park Junior College (1934-).
- Frances Burns, University of Chicago (1934-).
- Mary Louise Davis, Bryant & Stratton Business College (1934-35).
- Anne Fishell, Pestalozzi-Froebel Kindergarten College (1934-).
- Magdalene (Bobby) Jones, Rollins (1934-).
- Lucille Kramp, Rollins (1934-35); National Kindergarten College (1935-).
- Barbara MacBride, Grinnell (1934-).
- Jean MacDougal, University of Chicago (1934-).
- Maxine Rudolph, University of Chicago (1934-).
- Janet Sibley, Wheaton College, Norton, Mass. (1934-).
- Elaine Spiesberger, University of Chicago (1934-).
- Elizabeth Stern, Vassar College (honor student) (1934-).
- Margaret Tillinghast, University of Chicago (1934-).

## 1935

- Florence Booth, Connecticut College (1935-).
- Virginia Buettner, Northwestern University (1935-).
- Betty Cheney, Carleton College (1935).
- Phyllis Cummins, University of Chicago (1935-).
- Ann Decker, University of Chicago (1935-).
- Jeanne Griest, Rockford College (1935-).
- Marion Jernberg, Carleton College (1935-).
- Bobette Mayer, Goucher College (1935-).
- Marjorie von Hermann, University of Chicago (1935-).





Peggy Hepman

## A Little More

A little more—a single drop—  
The brimming cup will overflow;  
A little more, a single spark,  
The fresh-hewn logs will set aglow.

A little more—a single word—  
The growing seeds of wrath will quell;  
A little more—a single deed—  
The heart with boundless love will swell.

*Sally J. Hayes, '37*

## The Wind

The Wind sat on a mountain top and viewed the world below,  
He thought it insignificant, blase and rather low;  
The arts and worthy things were smouldering into dust.  
"I'll jar them into life," said he, "with a single gust."  
Forthwith he rounded out his cheeks and blew with all his might;  
The leaves snatched up their colored gowns and ran away in fright,  
The oceans roared in rage, their waves as high as trees;  
Thought the world, "This tyrant Wind we somehow must appease."  
So in conference after conference many things were planned.  
"We'll have to mend our morals; frivolities must be banned."  
Thus sweet and simple things came back, all by the wind's one gust,  
And now no more are the worthy things smoldering into dust.

*Peggy Lepman, '37*

## The Clocks of Norwich

Centuries ago, there stood on the banks of a river a little town called Norwich. If Norwich was famed for anything it was for its clocks, and for many centuries the nobility and wealthy peasants had come from far and wide either to see or to buy a clock at Norwich.

Peter was the son of the old clock-maker, Anton. His mother had died many years previous and he had lived with his old father in the back of his store. Peter was employed by one of the bishops to wind all the clocks in his church. Now this was a pretty large task as the church contained two hundred clocks and each of these had to be wound once during the week. This church was noted for the chimes of the clocks and, once a year, there was a festival held in Norwich which was called the Festival of the Clocks. At this time, the ruling prince came to see and to hear the clocks.

The time for the festival was drawing near and the Bishop had asked for Peter to be brought to him as he wanted to explain the new plan of the festival.

"Peter," said the Bishop, "I have asked you to come to talk with me about the Festival of the Clocks. This year the prince is to bring his princess and I have decided to have a special ceremony in her honor. I have thought a great deal about this and I have decided to have the clocks play the chimes one after another and we will in that way form a composition. I want you and your father to help me do this. I know very little about clocks but I feel that you and your father can set them."

Peter said, "Your grace, I shall be most happy to serve you as will my father."

Peter and his father worked for many days on the clocks until at last, the day before the festival, they were in perfect condition. However, the guild to which Peter and his father belonged, did not approve of using only two men on this work when the Bishop could have used ten of their other workers, besides.

One evening the head master of the guild came to call on Peter and his father and he said:

"Peter and Anton, I feel deeply about having to tell you this but last evening the Guild held secret ballot and you have been asked to resign as you two alone have held a position for a period of time which it would have taken ten or twelve men only a few days to do. Therefore, I shall have to ask you to stop working for the church, Peter, after you have finished your work for the Bishop, and you, Anton, will have to find other work than making and repairing clocks."

At this Peter and Anton were plunged into the deepest gloom.

The next day was the festival and the prince and princess and all their gay company came to the little town. The prince was much flattered by the attention paid his foreign princess and pleased with the concert at the church where he heard the clocks. After the concert of the clocks, he asked to see Peter and Anton and when they came he said:

"Peter and Anton, I find no words to tell you of the remarkable work that you have done and I want to ask you if you both would come back with me and be the keepers of my clocks at my castle?"

Peter and Anton, overcome with joy, said in unison, "Your highness, we are highly honored and we accept."

*Anne Nicholson, '38*

## Dreams

Once in a cool and darkened room  
A fire caught my eye;  
I stood to warm my hands and saw  
My dreams come passing by.  
Slowly they came—in Indian file—  
A weird and fanciful train;  
I loved them much, but all the while  
I knew I dreamed in vain.

## Music

Music—a song of the soul—  
A star-tipped butterfly from a strange shore,  
A kindler of fires—a herald of love, a young man's dream  
Please, Lord, give me more!

*Courtney Ann Reid, '37*



## Reflections of a Graduate

The peaceful solitude of the old oak trees with patches of clover between them was broken only by the quack of a lone duck on the clear, sparkling pond. In the watery mirror was a reflection of a beautiful girl of about seventeen. With a far-away look in her eye, she sat on the cool bank idly picking some clover. As a gentle gust of wind blew her raven hair back, the wise woody plants with their many branches seemed to whisper, but only the quiet ripple of the water heard her sigh and discerned her thoughts.

The thrills of the past and the anticipation of the future mellowed together to form her pensiveness. The soothing stillness, after the exhilarating excitement of graduation, left her mind full of hazy memories that became intensified in the tranquillity of the country. It was a comfort to look back over the happy years of her childhood, for she realized that she must now begin to make decisions for herself. She recalled with a smile her first impression of high school, and blushed a little at the thought of some embarrassing situation. She gave a sad chuckle with the thought of some amusing trifle, and took a deep breath of the refreshing air when she thought of the many hours spent in study, in anxiety about her report card, and in fear during examinations. Her countenance appeared more cheerful when she relived some of the delightful parties and other pleasant functions which broke the monotony of school. And yet, was it monotonous? At times she used to think so, but now every minute of those four happy years of high school and eight playful ones in elementary school touched a tender spot in her heart and remained there longingly.

She raised her head high and gazed into the flawless blue sky as if looking for some clue to the future. Would it be as happy as the past? What was her fortune to be in life? But the sun only seemed to stare back mockingly, defiantly. A squirrel ran lightly across the green clover and subconsciously she compared him with her own first seventeen years. They seemed to have run lightly across a background of love and care. Would the future pass as quickly and as beautifully?

Suddenly she realized that the sun was sinking lower in the vast heavens, and aroused herself from her reverie. As she walked slowly back toward the aged grey stone well, the hard truth that she was only a minute part of this large and cumbersome world wended its way into her heart. But even that could not disturb her now. She was full of bliss, hopefulness, and energy, armed with the tender and thoughtful teachings of the past and ready to face the secrets of the future.

*Elise Epstein, '36*

## Passing of Time

Would that I forever could spend  
Long days of pleasure here, my friend;  
On mossy banks I fain would lie  
And gaze into an endless sky,  
Where fearlessly the gentle deer  
Comes soft to drink the water clear.  
There would I rest and dip my hands  
Deep into the golden sands.

What joy to wander thoughtlessly  
Along green paths, dear friend, with thee,  
And hear the golden-throated bird  
With sweetest voice that e'er is heard  
All through the summer night time sing  
Until the hills and valleys ring.

But now of late, at night I hear  
A voice of caution at my ear;  
'Tis time, that counts the passing day  
Just spent in careless happy play;  
She bids me leave this life and go  
To work and let my spirit grow;  
Beyond the bliss of happiness  
There is the joy of usefulness.

Oh time! for just one fleeting day  
In this fair land pray let me stay.  
Tomorrow then I will arise  
And brush the sweet dew from my eyes;  
But stern is time and swift her flight;  
She will not let me stay the night.

*Anne MacDougal, '36*

## "The Leaves Come Down"

With the smell of burning leaves in the air comes the realization that Autumn is here and Winter not far distant. And with a dying summer we look back to its birth—the Spring.

In vivid contrast to the coloring of the Fall stands that of the Spring. Autumn adorns her wind-bent trees with leaves of matchless red, of gold that is more than gold, and of blended yellows. While Autumn is dazzling in her color scheme, Spring, beautifully but modestly displays her hues. She gently touches each young tree-bud with a tint of her green. Then she darkens her shades of so refreshing a color and leaves the stately trees decorated in lovely tones of green.

As we walk over the ground during the first days of Spring, we notice that what has just a few days ago been hard, hollow-sounding ground, now seems to produce a sensation of rebounding in our whole being. And yet, as we walk now in the Autumn we feel that the ground has a certain magnetic power that holds our feet to it and refuses to allow us to hurry over it.

In contrast to the quiet, inconspicuous manner in which Spring does her wondrous work is the windy, wild way in which Fall performs his task. Spring calls only upon the softest of breezes to aid her, while Autumn must have piercing, untamed gusts to help his hurried show of color. He sets his winds free to tear the crisp, colored leaves from the trees and send them dancing to the ground. These blasts wildly whisk them where they may. Spring but teases the foliages of the trees with a calm, refreshing breeze.

Each has a song to sing. One sings it softly, gently, allowing each tone to linger upon the hearer's ear, while he is refreshed and quieted by the beauty of the melody. The other sings it loudly and with much show, demanding the hearer's undivided attention.

*Sally Hayes, '37*

## Flowers of Time

Slowly march the feet of time,  
Slowly they've trudged through the ages  
Leaving sorrows and joys sublime,  
Filling innumerable pages.  
Make the best of each day, each hour;  
Think three times before acting;  
Make each word you breathe a perfect flower  
And nothing in life will be lacking.

*Peggy Lepman, '37*



## The Christmas Spirit

Outdoors, a fine drizzle of snow blew gently against the tiny frame farmhouse. Grey mist covered the land except far to the west where a faint rose light marked the resting place of the sun. The snow that lay on the ground was crusted and hard, and the trees stood out of the mist, black and old.

Inside, a dying fire lit up faintly the faces of the farmer and his wife,—faces that resembled the grey outdoors, faces that had grown old and wrinkled by hard work and pain.

"So this is Christmas eve," the wife said. Her voice was bitter and old as her face.

"No different from any other night," her husband grumbled crossly.

And then came a knock on the door. The farmer rose and opened it and admitted a man half frozen, dressed only in rags.

The stranger seated himself by the fire, and a few moments later he was sipping a cup of hot tea provided by the farmer's wife. Finally, after a silence during which the farmer and his wife had questioned each other by signs whether the man was safe to have in the house or not, the old stranger began to speak.

In a voice, rich and strong, he told in simple words the story of the first Christmas. As he spoke the fire in the hearth seemed to find new life and strength. The gloomy room began to glow softly. A strange warmth softened the faces of the man and woman.

"And I," said the stranger, "am searching for the Child, for I have seen the star."

"Rest a while before you go, friend," said the farmer in a gentle voice.

"No, thank you, I have a long way to go," and the stranger, wrapping his ragged hood about his head and grasping his staff tightly in his hands, started out. They watched him disappearing into the dark.

Turning back into the house, the woman smiled and said, "Shall we have the Joneses for dinner tomorrow? They're so hard up, you know."

"Yes," answered her husband, "and that little fir tree behind the house would make a fine Christmas tree."

So they fell to planning for their friends, little dreaming that the Spirit of Christmas had visited them.

*Anne MacDougal, '36*

## Christmas

The twirling, swirling of tiny flakes,  
The crystalline beauty of picturesque lakes,  
The flashy glitter of skates and skiis,  
The sparkling shimmer of festive trees,  
The tinkling strains of Santa's sleigh,  
All *that* we know, is Christmas Day.

*M. Strandberg, '36*

## Snow

White flakes are falling lightly,  
With no strong wind racing,  
Soft lights are shining brightly  
Through the windows tracing  
Figures strange in ice and snow,  
While the grate fire and candles glow.

The falling snow now has stopped  
Leaving trees silvery white,  
The church on the hill has been topped  
With a snow cap and beard of white,  
And away off, the lonely hill  
Lies wrapped in a fleecy robe, so still.

*Virginia Heun, '39*

## A Plaid Scarf

Via Pax Monastery,  
Order of San Dominico,  
Bernardine Pass,  
Alps, Switzerland.

Dear Brother Anselm:

I write to inform you of an unusual occurrence that took place here on Friday last, the day of our honored San Dominico. It would seem as though our sacred patron had a hand in it, himself.

A party had come through the pass, and asked our hospitality. We were only too glad to extend it to them in the name of the good Saint, and so they stayed.

The party consisted of a man, a young woman and an older woman, evidently the mother of the younger woman.

The two young people, most athletic, seemed very impatient when a snowstorm kept them in for a few days. Finally the storm broke and the young people felt that nothing would do, but that they take a little walk up the Jungfrau. We tried to dissuade them, but to no avail. We insisted that they go first to our early Mass in honor of the good Saint.

The young lady wore a plaid scarf, a bright thing, commonly worn, I suppose, by the women of the world, and she took it into her head that we must bless the scarf. It seemed a bit irreverent but nothing can be denied, as you know, that is asked in the name of the good Saint; so it was blessed by Father Jacques.

The two young people set out, saying that they would be back by noon for the mid-day repast.

The day was lovely, and we went about our tasks with a light heart. The older woman, a Mrs. Langley, was interested in the life of the monastery. So we showed her over the buildings and grounds.

About eleven, the sky began to grow darker; but being busy, we thought nothing of it. By half past, it was snowing and by twelve one could not venture out.

At three the storm had abated, and we sent out several of the dogs. At a little after four, perhaps, back came one dog bearing in his mouth a plaid scarf. Immediately, we set out and found the two in a little shelter which had protected them from the wind. It was a hollow, but shallow cavern in some rocks, and but for it, they would have perished.

The dog is one we are justly proud of; so when the two grateful people expressed a desire to own him, we assured them that we needed him, and also that their climate would not suit him. He is truly one of the best Saint Bernards we have ever had. The rescued ones say that the dog is marvelous and, of course we agree with them but without the scarf we could not have found them and so they must have had Saint Dominico with them.

The day before they left, they came to me with an unusual request. They wanted me to marry them; so at high noon on Monday, they were married in the Chapel. For a wedding present, we gave them a chip of a cross blessed by Saint Dominico.

They have gone back to their country of America, but we miss them, and after thinking of their youth, I remember that I entered the monastery forty years ago, and the Order, fifty years ago. Contemplating these figures, I realize I am nearing seventy. I have come a long way from the boy at Luigi, who cared for gaiety. I think that you have, too.

It would be pleasant if, this summer, we could make the pilgrimage to the Shrine of San Dominico together and recall old times.

Please remember me to all the brothers, and your Superior.

Peace be with you,

PATER SYLVANUS.  
*Betty Hubbard, '39*

## To Kismet

(Hexametered according to Vergil)

Here's to the Year Book's good fortune, goal of the numerous students,  
Striving to gain recognition, heedless of teachers' suggestions;  
Some in the hopeless pursuit of words which will rhyme with their title.  
Others, still anxious to bring back many a scene in their memory,  
Never do cease in their search that Kismet may happily prosper;  
Kismet it's always been called, way down through the ages at Faulkner,  
So may it long live and flourish e'en after we Seniors have vanished.

*Marjorie Strandberg*

## Sanctuary

Slowly the shadows creep,  
Low sinks the sun,  
Minds awake from their sleep,  
In prayer kneels the nun.

Head bowed in reverence,  
She seems in deep rest;  
Peace is in evidence,  
Her cross on her breast.

So will it ever be,  
The good e'er are blessed;  
Turmoil the wicked see,  
The good, alone, can rest.

*Peggy Lepman, '37*

## Lake Vermilion in the Night

Just imagine yourself standing on a pier overlooking a big lake in Minnesota about eight o'clock in the evening. This lake is called Lake Vermilion. The weather is cool, but not a ripple of water stirs. Tall pine trees shade part of the lake. Sandy beaches stretch along the lake but out in the dark is only a dark strip of land. The moon is golden and it shines down in a sparkling patch of water as if it were set afire with diamonds. You look a little to the right and see a small canoe gliding out with two people seated in it. They are talking quietly and just the murmur of their voices can you hear. After they disappear from view around the bend, you hear a hoot owl; and a stronger wind rises and rustles the leaves in the tall trees. A fish jumps here and there in the water but otherwise everything else is still, just peace—peace—everywhere.

*Katherine Mae Boyle, '37*



## Mystery

Bounding waves dash o'er the sea,  
And from their depths sing mystery  
Of hidden treasure lost to me,  
But who can tell their history?

Buried in sandy depths they dwell,  
All prisoners of Neptune old;  
With secrets stored which they might tell  
About their lives and sailors bold.

Battered vessels on jagged reefs,  
Lost in their watery destiny,  
Once conquering all the angry surfs,  
Now lie forever in mystery.

*Janice Roberts, '36*

## Sand—Lake—Sky

A sandy beach, a shining pool of blue, and a sun of burnt-orange sinking in the sky. Don't those words bring back to your mind a recollection of some vivid summer day? For my part, I like nothing better than to stretch out on the sand, after a strenuous day of swimming and toasting in the sun, and watch the sun with its glorious rays of light slipping over the horizon. The shining white sand is so comfortable and warm, after being heated all day by the sun, and as you look around, your eyes are caught by the works of art that the children labored over all day—rambling castles, pools, and bridges, looking fantastic and rather eerie in the fading light. The waters that sparkle all day in the sunshine now seem cooler and more settled. Looking across the horizon, you can see faintly a white sail of some graceful boat drifting by and the only noise beside that of the waves lapping against the shore is the sound of a motor boat as it races over the water. The sky by this time has turned from orange and blue to a deep purple, and the sun sinks lower and lower until no more than the reflection on the water of the bright rays, and that is all that is left of another colorful summer day.

*Marjorie Brooks, '36*

## Was It a Dream?

One night as I looked out my window  
From the depths of my great armchair,  
I saw in the distance a vision—and lo  
It came and stood by me there!

I tried to discern who or what it could be,  
Then—as it grew more clear,  
I saw that milady "Memory"  
Had come with her dreams—oh, so dear.

She stayed for an hour or two with me  
In the depths of my great armchair,  
And I was as happy as kings can be,  
For "Memory" was with me there.

Then a noise—and the lights grew brighter—so  
With a sigh, she left me there—  
And I but looked out my window  
From the depths of my great armchair.

*Courtney Ann Reid, '37*

## Picture Reading

The first books, to our knowledge, were written by the Egyptians, Babylonians and Romans. The Babylonians wrote on clay tablets, which were hardened by drying; the Romans used wax tablets; and the Egyptians used papyrus. Although these races of people had art and architecture, they knew no illustrating.

The first illustrating was really illuminated writing done by the monks. The first letter of a chapter or the beginning of a paragraph was written in an elaborate design and colored very beautifully. Later came the steel engravings, woodcuts and copper plates. To use these processes, much time had to be spent on the printing and as civilizations progressed, these methods were found to be antiquated. Zinc etchings, photo-engravings and photogravures then came into use and are the most generally employed today.

Illustrated books add beauty and reality. Books of fiction, travel, law, medicine, education and stories for children contain something more than the science and story when they are illustrated. The fairy stories mean so much more to the children when they see the picture of the beautiful princess being rescued by the handsome prince. Science books are able to be explained more clearly and fully by illustrations of new machines, theories, and devices.

In the days of the steel engravings and woodcuts, only the upper classes had the means to buy illustrated books, but now the poorest children have the advantage of looking at well-printed pictures in books sold at our well-known five-and-ten cent stores.

Much progress has been made in illustrating since the age of illuminated writing, and one wonders what the future developments will be in this fascinating art.

*Frances Golick, '37*

## Workings of the Mind

I don't know whether or not people, in general, have these things; but they are something very special to me, and also very difficult to describe. Half the people to whom I try to describe them, think I am crazy or else they pity me and try to humor me, but it's something I'm terribly aware of all the time, and it does me good to emote them once in a while.

The most definite one I have consists of mental pictures. I could not draw one if I had to, but I can describe them pretty well. Whenever I think of days or months or weeks, they're all in a sort of picture-list. It's like a huge circle that never meets, and the days, weeks and months are marked off in divisions. Whatever day it is, it's as if I were standing on the circle, or arc, really, on the day and could look back or forward. I look forward mostly, because I am young. I shall always be able to tell when I'm getting old, I suppose, because I shall begin to look back then. When I just think of a week or even a day, I seem to shrink up so that I can just see the week or the day, each one in different shades from black to white. The week-end days are much higher and darker than the week days during school time. In the summer time, however, they're all alike, a sort of transparent gray, and they seem to float more than the school ones.

Another very strange thing that I do, I call *grouping*. When I'm sitting somewhere and have not much on my mind, I group things, as the pieces of wood in windows, in twos, and if they don't come out all even, I get exasperated and have to borrow a piece from another window to make everything even. I do not do this so much when I am in school because that occupies my mind too much.

Fancy curtains and patterns drive me crazy, and I sometimes have to leave a room in which there is a plaid chair, or anything of that sort. My sister does this, too, and we have found only one other person who does it, and she is frightfully advanced. She groups in *threes* and sometimes even fours. The three of us will probably end in a bank somewhere, counting out pennies by fives.

*Jane Weary, '36*

## Hunter and Hunted

The night is dark, the wind is chill;  
A lone wolf howls on top of a hill.  
A song of victory is in his throat,  
As up to heaven goes his bloody note.  
The pack answers back with echoing cry,  
That fills the plains and assails the sky.  
Now down the barren hill he speeds  
To the whining pack that he leads  
Upon the trail of deer or man.  
The lone wolf runs as a lone wolf can.

A stag stumbles wild in the drifted snow,  
And takes with a bound the frozen flow.  
And on and on and faster still,  
Till every wolf tastes blood of the kill.  
Down into a narrow crevasse,  
Out of which there is no pass,  
The stag turns round to fight for life  
As in his flank sinks an ivory knife.  
The lone wolf, who has led the attack,  
Now throw's himself on his quarry's back.

Many a wolf the stag gores to death,  
But his strength gives out with his failing breath!  
At last upon the virgin snow,  
The stag falls victim to his foe.  
The pack bears down on the vanquished prey,  
But halts as their leader stands at bay.  
He snarls at them with his lip curled up;  
The pack slinks away like some beaten pup.  
They stand at a distance and eye their prize,  
And the night is filled with their fitful cries.

Then long and low comes the wail of their king,  
It grows in volume until the woods ring;  
While not far away from under the cedar  
A party of Eskimos watch this procedure.  
"Now," says one, "We makem good mark."  
"Just listen to heap big fellow bark!"  
The wind blows in the wrong direction,  
And Eskimos' plan escapes detection.  
A danger more deadly cannot be found,  
Than the thunder-stick man carries around.

The lone wolf, outlined in shadows dark,  
Makes for the hunters an easy mark.  
Mala, son of the chief, takes perfect aim—  
He pulls the trigger! There's a burst of flame!  
The king of the pack leaps high in air,  
He lands with a yelp, his shoulder bone bare.  
A volley of shots pour forth from the trees;  
The terrified pack turns tail and flees.  
The lone wolf lies prone on the blood-covered snow,  
Close by the side of his ancestral foe.



The night is dark, the wind is chill;  
But the lone wolf is gone from the top of the hill.  
His song of victory has died in his throat,  
And all one hears is the wailing note  
Of a sad little she-wolf, who searches in vain  
For the place where her lord and master was slain.

*Betty Ann Murdock, '38*

## Dog Gone—Almost

As I wandered around the yard of my master's home, I decided I would go for a longer walk. I had no fear of being lost as many times I had done this and always found my way back. So I started out and soon found myself at the Jackson Park Lagoon.

It was beginning to get dark and the shadows of the trees, leafless and grotesque in shape, fell across the ice. The stars shone bright and clear like diamonds on black velvet and the moon came out looking as if it had been taken from a Christmas tree. The ice looked firm and substantial; so I decided to wander across it. However, I wandered too far and as I heard a sickening, cracking sound I felt the ice give way and found myself floundering in black, cold water and unable to get out.

I tried to climb on the ice but it gave way every time, and I had to swim around to keep from drowning. I barked but no one heard me.

After five hours of this agony (I later found out the time) I saw a figure on the shore and barked again. The figure turned hurriedly away and my heart sank. But in a few minutes several shadowy figures appeared on the shore and I saw them getting planks and boards. After what seemed eternity, they reached me and dragged me back to safety.

My rescuers got in touch with my master who came to take me home, and I am never, never going to take a long walk again.

Told to *Bee Wood* by "Mugs," a police dog.

## A Fire at Sea

Before I came over to the new Continent, my grandmother and I visited for two days in the beautiful part of "Le Havre." This part of France was created when Francois I was king of France. From our hotel, we had a marvelous view of the sea. The night before we left I was standing at the window looking at the sky full of bright stars. But what was that beautiful ship full of lights? No, it was not lights, but fire! Yes, fire. And the most spectacular I have ever seen. This ship was full of gasoline which exploded and all the liquid floated on the water. The whole port was on fire. It was an ocean of fire; moving, dancing with the waves. The deep song of the waters, the moon shining, a round ball of silver, and the sea on fire made me shiver. The night was no more night; it seemed to me that only hell could be like that. The sky became red, and the white houses stood against the red of the sky just as in a dream.

A few hours afterward everything was normal and I went to sleep.

*Margaret Lehmann, '39*

## FROM OUR TRAVELER

Durban, Natal, S. Africa,  
January 14, 1936.

My dear—

We arrived to-day from our trip across southern Africa and are very tired, as we have been on the train for nine days and nights.

But I suppose that you want to hear from the beginning. We had a very gay sailing and got off to a grand start. The first port was Trinidad. There is not very much to see here but it was such a relief to see green things after the months of Chicago weather.

Then we arrived at Bahia. This, I think, in everyone's mind, was a waste of time as we all wanted to get on to Rio, and we were not a bit disappointed in it. Rio is really one of the most beautiful places in the world. We arrived here about two o'clock and that afternoon took a long drive around the city and surrounding country. The next day, in the morning, we went up Sugar Loaf in a wooden car on a cable and the view from the top is superb. In the afternoon we went shopping, and in the evening we went to the Copacabana, a beautiful hotel, for dinner. The next morning there was another drive around the city and in the afternoon we sailed.

Our next port was St. Helena, one of the most interesting places that I have ever seen. We sailed into the harbor early in the morning and had to ride in row boats to get on shore. It was very rough; so we had a gay time of it. In the morning we went walking around the island and saw the various sights. Then in the afternoon we took a ride out to Napoleon's tomb, where he was buried first, and then went to Longwood where he lived. The main room of the house is so interesting that you could spend hours studying it, and some of the tales concerning the other rooms are most amusing. We spent about two hours there and even then we were reluctant to leave. We left that night and there was one of the most beautiful sunsets that I have ever seen.

Finally we came to Capetown amid a nice storm. Luckily, it stopped before we reached the breakwater or we should not have been able to land. Capetown, itself, is not very beautiful but once you are out of it, there are many miles of beautiful gardens. We took a drive out to the Cape of Good Hope in the morning and I was very much surprised to see that it is at Cape Point, a point near Good Hope, where the Atlantic and Pacific oceans meet. The next day we went to the home of John Cecil Rhodes. It is a lovely place and the gardens are the most beautiful that I have ever seen. The next morning we started on our journey to Victoria Falls.

Our first stop was at Kimberly. We went to see the Compound or walled in place where all the natives, who work in the mines, are kept. This restriction was necessitated because the natives stole so many of the diamonds. We had a very interesting time here and really felt quite rich on being able to see some of the diamonds which are priceless.

The second stop was at Bulawayo. We took a beautiful drive out to the place where Mr. Rhodes is buried. It is called "World's End."

Then, at last, Victoria Falls where we arrived in time for breakfast. After breakfast we got all decked out in swimming suits, sailor slickers and rain hats. It was really a scream. When all this was accomplished, we went to the rain forest, where the spray from the falls comes like rain. There were some very beautiful views of the falls, which were really worth all our costumes. We spent three days here, three grand days.

Next we came to Johannesburg, which is really a wonderful city—and last of all to Kruger National Park where every wild animal roams in his natural state. We saw six lions!

Finally, we arrived home. It is really true that the farther away you get from a boat, the gladder you are to see it again.

ANN LEE BRADY, '39

# NAUTICAL BUT NICE

S. S. CALM-EDY

(S E R ?)



DIARY OF  
ROSIE VELT-



## Passenger List

Man .....	Norman Die
Gal .....	Hess Perus
Captain .....	Bremen (he was such a bra' man)
Breeches Buoy .....	Property of Captain
Ship's Destination .....	Port Hole

## Ship Vocabulary

Tiller .....	helmsman's wheel
Skipper .....	Captain
Sparks .....	radio operator
Aft .....	front part of the boat
Midship .....	center of boat
Beam .....	widest part of boat
Abaft the beam .....	aft of the widest part of boat
Port .....	left side of boat
Bridge deck .....	one of boat's decks
Port hole .....	window
Hatch .....	stairway
Galley .....	kitchen
Keel .....	bottom of boat
Capstan .....	upright on windlass for heaving in lines
Brig .....	jail
Schooner .....	two masted vessel
Rudder .....	steering plate
Tholes .....	a pair of pins to keep oars in position
Sloop .....	single masted boat
Sprit .....	a light spar diagonally up from the mast
Mast .....	perpendicular pole
Sailon .....	as in salon

Wednesday.

The S.S. "Calm-e-dy" sailed by popular demand today. It *shore* was a relief to get away from the jeering crowds. It was not long *tiller* nose pointed windward, and a howling gale blew up that would *keel* you. The *capstan* wanted to sail *schooner*, but the ship want *naut* ready. *Aft* having set sail in this *brig* ship, I went down to the *sailon* where a *breeches buoy* port me a glass of water from a *vessel* on the *starboard*. *Aft* that I took a *sprit* around the deck and the major rang the *gong* announcing dinner. Just then *Dock Norman Die* and young *Hess Perus* tore up the deck, asking me to join them *fore* dinner. I was glad to *sea* them because I had known *boat* of them before we set sail. So we proceeded to the *mast* hall, where we were so late that we almost *mast* our dinner. We sat down to a delicious dinner of corned beef *hatch*. *Aft* dinner, *Hess Perus* suggested that we play cards; so we sent for a *bridge deck*. During the course of the evening one of the *buoys*, "Ti Tanie," by name, who was sitting at our table began to tell me that I was a *card*, some one else added I must have been the "Queen of Hearts." Our little "Joker" then stated that I was not the "Queen of Hearts" but the "Deuce" and wild at that. Much laughter followed. *Aft* three or four hours, we adjourned to our staterooms for a much needed *sloop*.

In the middle of the night, we were aroused by the captain's shouting that the ship was on fire. *Sparks* were flying. We sent out an S.O.S. which the captain said meant "Thave our Tholes." He was a little *abaft the beam* and could not talk straight *midships* confusion. The captain proved he was a *stern* and a *Bre-men* and the fire was quickly extinguished. We were to dock in the morning; so we all went back to our *sheets*.

When we docked, we bade each other a sad adieu. The whole *gang-planked* the captain for a *galley* trip. He *bowed* and said he'd *rudder* that there had not *beam* a mishap. As I looked at the distant opposite shore of the Chicago river, I *pond-ered* on how we ever reached *Port Hole*.

With apologies to the rest of the school from the S. S. "Calm-e-dy," and if you don't like the section, just *skipper*.

The Stern Silly Sloopers, per Rose Velt

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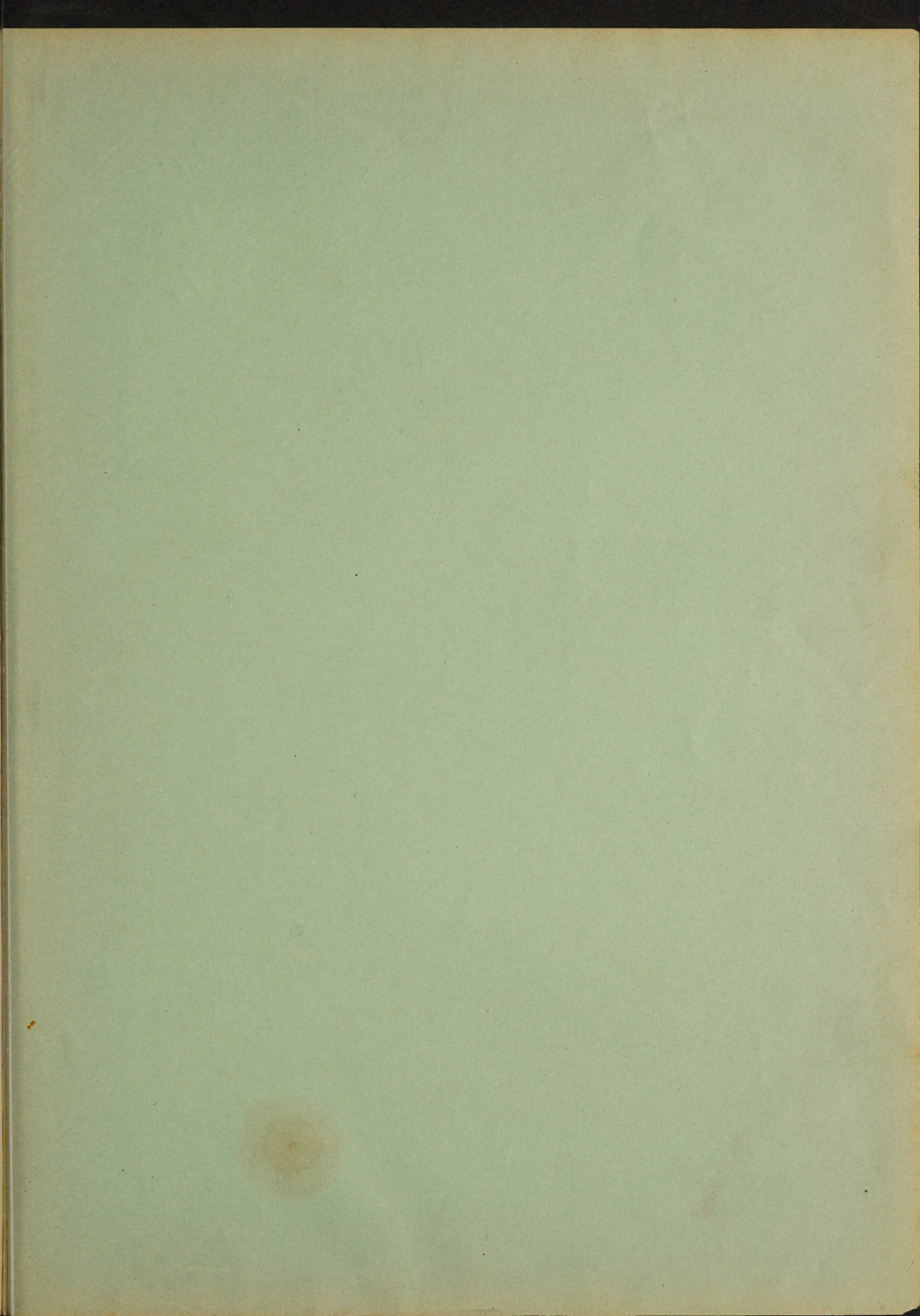
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To a bright girl  
Clairie Marks  
To a big nut  
Mickey

Love to a fellow dimpler  
from Bridger

Avec une sincere affection

J. M. Brochery

To Pumpernickle  
Love from your  
Pal  
Babs  
W

To my friend  
Myra  
Mary Kay

Best Wishes  
from  
Phyllis Thompson

Wishes for success  
in everything -  
Marian Davis

Your friend, Rebecca Robins Mack

Wishes for success in High  
School,

from a pal,  
Anna D'Ancona

Love to Miss Favi's  
feet from just  
the opposite  
Lois Hainzler  
(Po Face)

To Myra  
Keep up the good  
work and you may be  
President of Student Government  
Love and Luck

Eugenia von Hamann  
Be seeing you  
next year Hope  
you like High  
School.  
Doris

To Myra  
Every bright  
Minna Sachs  
chips

To Myra  
Lots of luck  
Regina  
Winter

What ever is nice  
or not nice on this page  
goes for me too

Sue

Dear  
Pumpernickle  
Clairie  
Mickey  
Bridger  
J. M. Brochery  
Phyllis Thompson  
Marian Davis  
Rebecca Robins Mack  
Anna D'Ancona  
Eugenia von Hamann  
Doris  
Minna Sachs  
Regina Winter  
Sue



To dear Myra - with her fine - fair - loyal  
spirit - I love muchly - Eleanor Harris Burgess  
Myra - Good luck to you in the future - Sincerely

I shall miss my definite helper and loyal  
supporter next year. Sincerely love,  
Jessie Farr.

Thank love, and  
luck to a swell girl,  
Hannah Tammann

You're a swell kid

Lots of luck,

Nancy Miller

Virginia Wilke  
Hammond  
Indiana

I hope to see you in Current Topics  
next year - best wishes and good luck. Greta B. Haydon.

To one of the swellest girls

I know

Love

Jackie Engelhardt

Loads of luck in  
your future  
high  
school years,  
love  
Janet F.

Good Luck  
for the dearest to  
come  
your school.  
Make it a  
swell  
one

To Myra with best Wishes  
from Adele and the turtles

Luck to a school-mate -


From

Edith Jackson

much luck,

Genevra Jorish

Loads of luck  
in high school  
Zouella

Beaucoup de  
bonheur a ma  
petite abayra  




ROYAL  
KENT